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THE BEQUEST OF
EVERT JANSEN WENDELL
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1918





SCENES IN PALESTINE;

OR,

DRAMATIC SKETCHES FROM THE BIBLE.

" I trust that philosophy will forgive me when I add, that the writings of the poet are more useful than those of the philosopher."

" What is there of all which the most devoted admirers of poetry have ever written or fabricated in its commendation, that does not fall greatly short of the truth itself? what of all the insinuations which its bitterest adversaries have objected against it, which is not refuted by simply contemplating the nature and design of the Hebrew poetry. Let those who affect to despise the Muses, cease to attempt, for the vices of a few who may abuse the best of things, to bring into disrepute a most laudable talent. Let them cease to speak of that art as light or trifling in itself, to accuse it as profane or impious ; that art which has been conceded to man by the favour of his Creator, and for the most sacred purposes ; that art consecrated by the authority of God himself, and by his example in his most august ministrations."

*Bishop Lowth on the Sacred Poetry of
the Hebrews. Lec. 1.*

SCENES IN PALESTINE;

OR,

DRAMATIC SKETCHES FROM THE BIBLE.

TO WHICH IS ADDED

THE FAIR AVENGER;

OR, THE

DESTROYER DESTROYED,

AN ACADEMIC DRAMA.

BY J. F. PENNIE.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR WILLIAM COLE,

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PREFACE.

LET not the most serious reader feel inimical to the secondary title of this volume,—*Dramatic Sketches from the Bible*,—for there are numerous examples of Dramatic Poetry in the inspired writings of the Hebrews; and where can we find in classic lore events that so abound with the pathetic, the wonderful, and the sublime, events so interesting to the youthful mind, as in the Sacred Volume of Divine Truth?

All poetical composition was arranged by the ancients into three classes,—the narrative, the imitative or dramatic, and the mixed. The term dramatic was originally given to every poem composed in dialogue, when the poet did not speak at all in his own person; such are some of the *Bucolics* of Theocritus and Virgil, several of the *Satires* of Horace, and two of his *Odes*,

Winter, or the fourth pastoral of Pope, and most of Mrs. Rowe's pastoral pieces. Such are the more simple kind of dramatic poems, wholly destitute of plot or fable; and to this species of writing belong the following Scenes, having no pretension to regular dramas, which contain a concatenation of events naturally rising out of each other, and wrought up to a happy or disastrous climax. The more simple and ancient form of dramatic composition which I have adopted, comes nearest to the genius and form of the Hebrew poetry, in which no poem can be found that has any appearance of a regular plot, either simple or implex, or that has any affinity, except in the chorus, to the dramatic productions of the Greek and Roman school. But are we to be told in this age of universal reading; in this age of enlightened ideas and superior refinement, diffusing their euphonical influence over all ranks and degrees, from the palace to the cottage; in this boasted age,—when the Bible is translated into half the known languages of the world,—when its divine pages are attentively listened to, by the rude Indian in his hut of ice and snow, amid the horrid frozen deserts of North America, the ferocious Scythian of the east,

the barbarous hordes of Africa, the bond and the free in the remotest regions of the earth, when its contents are eagerly read by the natives of those beautiful isles around the southern ocean, beneath their waving groves of cocoa and bread-fruit trees, by the civilized Brahmin amid his fragrant arcade of orange blossoms and will figs, by the Georgian at his lofty and rugged mountains, which the ancient Roman in the height of his glory could not subdue; by the dwellers on the shores of the Caspian, and by the inhabitants of the rich islands that gem the Indian sea, are we now to be told that the modest muse, who presumes to haunt the hallowed groves of Zion's hill instead of the pagan shades of Cithæron and Aonia, and neglecting the muddy and polluted streams of Hippocrene and Castalia, quaffs at the mountainous and truly inspiring fount of Shiloa, is ill adapted to please the taste of the present day, which is vitiated and nauseated with Scriptural subjects? Yet such is the ridiculous cant of criticism, and such the opinion of some of the liberal fraternity of booksellers. Should this work be fairly brought before the public, it will then appear whether the enlightened world be

“weary of scriptural subjects,” to use the words of a celebrated clerical poet respecting *The Royal Minstrel*, or not; and if I have ill-timed the following scenes, written with a design to improve the taste, diffuse instruction, and win to a perusal of those great originals from whence they have been drawn the young and rising generation, for whom this work is principally composed. But that this volume will be fairly brought before the world, or that publicity given to it which the poetical effusions of other authors, good, bad, and indifferent, have constantly enjoyed, I despair of altogether. For while the professedly religious Reviews and Magazines, as well as the literary and the gay, have by all the ways and means in their power given to blasphemous and licentious works the greatest notoriety they could possibly bestow, by again and again dragging them and their worthless authors from that obscurity and neglect, into which they had otherwise speedily fallen, before the public, *The Royal Minstrel*, an epic founded on one of the most sublime and interesting portions of Sacred History, has been scornfully passed by as totally unworthy to find a place in their luminous pages. The *Edinburgh*, the *Quarterly*, the *Monthly*,

the British, nay the whole circle of Reviews and host of Magazines,—with the exception, and that only as far as regards my *last* poem, of some few of the minor periodicals,—have shut me entirely from their pages, and although warmly solicited by many respectable friends from various quarters, never condescending to notice any of the productions that have, alas! for me, *untimely*, fallen from my pen. I have greater reason than Milton to exclaim, “I am fallen on evil times,” for I have never offended against Church or State; yet had I been born in the most barbarous ages of darkness and ignorance, instead of the present boasted era of light, liberality, and learning, I could not have suffered more from cruel neglect and unfeeling apathy. It will be for other and more liberal days, when this heart shall long have ceased to throb with the disappointment of all its hopes, to judge if I have merited such chilling treatment from these self-boasted fosterers of rising merit and genius.

Mr. Percival Stockdale, in his introduction to the poems of S. M. Drake, has given us a true and just

picture of the melancholy fate of genius, unaided by opulence and power: I shall quote his words.

“ In these times many facts, which are much to be regretted, preclude our love and esteem of true poetry, when it is not recommended and supported by adventitious and fortunate circumstances. The radical evil, the source of all that is hostile to true genius, is our extreme luxury, licentiousness, and dissipation: for the warping of reason, the depravation of taste is one of the constant temporal judgments of heaven on a general and great corruption of manners. Intellectual vassals and automata that we are! We now read, criticise, censure, and admire, as we have taken the watch-word from those who dress better and live more elegantly than ourselves: and they too have caught the parole from some powerful, unreflecting, and arbitrary general, the decisive champion of our factitious muses. Hence, if a man of talents is likewise (though not without some incongruity) a man of fashion, he no sooner publishes, than the signal is given from some commanding ground, and his works fly rapidly through

the island; venal and servile *reviewers* vie with each other to give *relief* to his most uninteresting passages;—in short, his emoluments and his encomiums are even greater than he deserves. At this era of weak prejudices and of vitiated taste, what has the man of true genius to expect, who in his literary course has always been impelled by sincerity; who has always, on important subjects, produced his genuine sentiments to the world, sentiments which might have been salutary to the public, but which were unavoidably disadvantageous to himself?

“What must he expect who nobly disdains any sordid homage to his *natural inferiors*; properly conscious as he is, or ought to be, of those faculties which God *seldom*, and which man *never* bestows! He must expect that every envious and malignant machination will be exerted to check his success and his fame; he must fortify himself with the independence of his own mind; or he must be a slave to the inflexibility of trade, which, in all commercial dealings, only considers its own interest. Ill-fated merit! to be thrown into times in which the bad heart will not, and the good heart cannot distinguish.”

1. The first step in the process of the investigation is the identification of the problem. This is done by the investigator who is responsible for the study. The investigator must first identify the problem that is being studied. This is done by the investigator who is responsible for the study. The investigator must first identify the problem that is being studied. This is done by the investigator who is responsible for the study.

1. The first step in the process of the development of a new product is the identification of a market need. This is often done through market research, which can be conducted in a variety of ways, including surveys, focus groups, and interviews. The goal is to understand what customers want and need, and to identify any gaps in the market.

2. Once a market need has been identified, the next step is to develop a concept for a new product. This involves brainstorming ideas and creating a rough sketch of the product. The concept should be based on the market need and should be unique and innovative.

3. The third step is to create a prototype of the product. This is a physical model of the product that can be used to test the concept and to get feedback from potential customers. The prototype should be made of a material that is easy to work with and that can be modified easily.

4. The fourth step is to conduct a market test. This involves selling the prototype to a small group of potential customers and asking them for their feedback. This will help to determine if the product is viable and if there is a market for it.

5. The final step is to launch the product. This involves creating a marketing plan and promoting the product to the target market. The goal is to get the product into the hands of as many customers as possible and to build a strong brand.

CAIN AND ABEL.

**"The day declines ; with sober step
Pale evening comes ; and every eye that saw
The cheerful morn, and glistened at the sight,
Looks westward now, where sits the god of day
Upon his burning throne ; the glowing clouds
Encircling him with hues no pencil dares
To emulate."**

CARRINGTON'S " Banks of Tamer."

**"These two are brethren, Adam, and to come
Out of thy loins : th' unjust the just hath slain,
For envy that his brother's offering found
From Heav'n acceptance : but the bloody fact
Will be aveng'd, and th' other's faith approved,
Lose no reward, though here thou see him die,
Rolling in dust and gore."**

MILTON.

CAIN AND ABEL.

“And Cain talked with Abel his brother; and it came to pass when they were in the field, that Cain rose up against Abel his brother, and slew him.”—Gen. iv. 8.

SCENE I.

An Open Country.—Sunset.

CAIN.

THE sun looks out betwixt the golden clouds,
That curtain his pavilion, on the top
Of yon proud mountain, clad in purple light.
There is a laughing glory in his eye,
That seems to tell he joys his toil is done,
And gladly sinks to rest. As to a god,
Valley, and hill, and forest, grove and plain
To him the richest incense offer up
Of fragrant herbs, and fruits, and bloomy flowers:
The earth is one grand altar, and the skies,
The canopy of his great temple, decked
With radiant colours inexpressible:

What a wild swell of harmony ascends
Into mid-air ! The birds, with fluttering wing,
Strain their love-tuned throats ; waters and winds
Join their soft music, while from vine-clad caves
And hollow cliffs, voices of spirits fling
Melodious mockeries of the evening hymn,
That greets yon orb's departure.

O, I hate

These sounds of gladness ! I had rather hear,
Amid some gloomy forest's sunless shades,
The owl's shrill screamings, and the lion's roar,
The hiss of horned serpents, and the cry
Of fierce hyænas prowling for their prey,
Than this soft melting minstrelsey of love
And happiness ! Like thee, proud star of fire,
I too have ended this day's tedious toil,
And hasten to yon bower, my weary limbs
To bathe in dews of slumber. But for me
No song of joy is tuned, no sounds of love
Hail my returning :—tears and bitter taunts,
Upbraidings and reproofs, are all that I
Obtain from parents, sisters, brother, wife !
While they on Abel, who usurps my rights,
Lavish perpetual fondness. Still he spends
In slothfulness his days : at morningtide,
Seated upon the breezy mountain's brow
Beside his flocks, he views the sun ascend
In all its splendour, on a laughing world

Of life and beauty ; while the landscape teems
With flowers and odours, and from grove to grove
Enlivening music rings. At fervid noon,
Beneath the waving palm, the fig-tree's shade,
Or roof of rose and myrtle, he reclines
In indolence, or chants a love-tuned song
To his fond partner ; while the stubborn glebe
From dawn to eve incessantly I till,
Or reap the scanty harvest, 'neath the beams,
The burning beams, of still unclouded suns.
And he of Heaven the favourite is become,
And all the patriarchal offices
And sacred rights enjoys, that appertain
Unto the honoured first-born.* For when I
Heaped on the altar of those early fruits
My daily culture to perfection brought,
An odoriferous offering to our God,
My bloodless sacrifice was set at nought,
Repudiated, scorned ! while I beheld
In radiant streams descend, from evening skies
Of beautiful glory, the mysterious flame
On Abel's altar, who a bleeding lamb
Had on it laid, the firstling of his flocks.
The hateful sight my bosom filled with wrath :
I muttered curses on the favourite's head !
But as I scowling stood in moody vein,
A dreadful sounding voice I heard, that seemed
Thunder articulate. Methought it said,

" Why art thou wrath, and why thy visage fallen ?
 If thou dost well, shalt thou not be accepted ?
 Yet if thou evil harbourest in thy heart
 Against thy guiltless brother, ~~sin~~ shall lie
 Most heavy on thy soul !"

Enter SATAN.

Why who art thou ?

Some god, some angel, or that spirit fallen,
 Who drew, with crafty wiles, my parents from
 The bowers of happiness ? Mortal I know
 Thou canst not be, though thou the semblance wearest
 Of our humanity : for in thine eye
 There is a brightness that outflashes far
 Yon western star, and in thy face I view
 A mixture strange of darkness and of glory.
 Whence comest thou ?

SATAN.

Son of earth, long have I marked

The clouds of anguish on thy altered brow,
 Listened to thy deep sighs, and grieved to hear
 Thy lamentations, uttered to the winds
 In lonely wilderness and forest shade,
 Of thy hard lot, doomed by continued toil
 The earth to till,---cursed for thy parents' guilt
 While the fierce fires of a just hatred, burn
 Within thy bosom 'gainst a brother, who

Hath won thy birth-right and thy parents' love,
Purloined from thee their first-born. Am not I,
O son of man, acquainted with thy griefs?

CAIN.

But canst thou with thy knowledge bring a cure,
A balm, to soothe the anguish of my soul?
Why was I doomed the penalties to feel
Attendant on my parents' disobedience?
Why must the earth with briars and thorns be choked,
Nor yield spontaneous fruits?

O, power unknown,

Is there no paradise in this wide world
That may with Eden in its glory vie,
Where without toil and pain the fields bring forth,
In wild luxuriance, all that man can wish:
Where, on some rose-o'ershadowed bank, I may
Lie careless down at the bright noontide hour,
And quaff the limpid fount, impregnated
With rich mellifluous honey, which the woods
Weep plenteously in tears of liquid gold?

SATAN.

Far to the east there lies a land, untrod
By mortal foot,—a land that doth surpass,
In all their beauty, Eden's guarded bowers.
No wintry storms
The balmy air of morn and evening chill,

Nor hot and burning winds from deserts rush,
The beauties of that happy clime to blast :
But spring and autumn there together meet,
And bloom and fruitage mingle on one bough.
The groves their verdure shed not, and the fields
With golden flowers eternally are decked :
Ten thousand fruits and blossoms yield the earth,
Of such deliciousness and lovely hues,
As ne'er were seen or tasted ! There, O man,
In spicy woods and bowers of cinnamon,
On beds of purple roses, thou mayst lie ;
While golden birds of paradise shall fan
Thee with their shining wings, and tuneful winds
And falling waters their wild music blend
With the young nightingale's sweet hymn of love,
To lull thee into slumber. There mayst thou
Quaff fountains that with milk and honey flow,
While o'er thy head wave to the minstrel breeze
The verdant plantain and pomegranate tree,
And purple clusters of the luscious grape,
And nectared mangusteens bend to thy lip,^b
Inviting thee to banquet.

CAIN.

Spirit blest,
O lead me, lead me, to this happy clime,
And thus I'll worship thee.

SATAN.

Hold, child of clay !
Ere I to this delightful land do guide
Thy wandering steps, thou must to me perform
A sacrifice.

CAIN.

A sacrifice ?
And art thou then a god, to be adored
With altar sacrifice, and solemn rites ?

SATAN.

Son of mortality, I am the god
Of this new world ; and when the race of men,
Increasing, shall each distant region fill,
By fountain and in solemn waving grove,
In forest and on every lofty hill,
Altars to me shall smoke with victims slain,
And sacred men, as priests ordained, shall wait
In constant service on my worship rites ;
While trees and caves oracular shall speak
To the delighted nations my behests,
And mysteries of futurity reveal.

CAIN.

Then I an altar green of turf will raise
To thee, great power, and worship. On it I

E'en of the best and fairest fruits the earth
 Beneath my toilsome culture yields, will heap
 Profusely, and with new-born flowers bestrew
 The hallowed ground.

SATAN.

Such offerings I disdain !
 Nor fruits, nor flowers, to me yield grateful incense ;
 Copious libations thou of blood must pour
 On my red altars, if thou hopest to win
 My smiles and favour :—Ay, of human blood !
 Why dost thou start ? A brother's reeking blood
 Must flow : and from thy hand I now demand
 His corse in sacrifice ! Why standest thou thus
 As in amazement lost ? Dost thou not scorn
 And loathe this brother ?

GAIN.

From my very soul !

SATAN.

Dost thou not feel revenge and envy burn
 Within thy labouring breast against this youth,
 The favourite of thy father and of Heaven ?
 Wouldst thou not feel delighted to behold
 The minion stretched, with looks embued in gore,
 Pale, lifeless, at thy feet ?

CAIN.

O, by yon star, that o'er the hill-top flings
So sparkingly its beams of gold abroad,
I should rejoice his quivering limbs to view
Bathed in his own warm blood, and laugh to hear
His groans of anguish uttered to the winds,
So they foretold his speedy dissolution !

SATAN.

'Tis thy firm arm that must the minion lay
Low in the dust ! Thou knowest the doom decreed
On all the human race : then grasp thou firm
Some sturdy limb of lightning-shivered oak,
And with it strike thy brother to the ground ;
Then shalt thou view him weltering in his blood,
And death in endless sleep his eyes shall close.
But hark ! in yonder grove of almond-trees
I hear his voice, chanting an evening hymn.
Haste and dispatch him : I will meet thee there,
And nerve thy lifted arm. *[Exit Satan.*

CAIN.

What majesty, surpassing human, waits
On that bright god o' th' earth ! Thou hated Abel
On whom my parents and my sisters doat
With lavish fondness, thou this night shalt die.
Indignant fury in my bosom swells,
And drives me on to dip my hands in blood.

Accursed brother ! thee I'll offer up
As an oblation to that god, who hence
Will lead me where I may in peace repose,
And bid adieu to toil. [Exit.

SCENE II.—*A Grove.*

ABEL.

SWEET star of eve, how lovelily thou dartest
Thy brilliant beams betwixt yon purple clouds.
How sweetly tranquil is the twilight hour ;
And though the warblers of the grove are mute,
I hear a soft wild voice of harmony,
A melancholy and mysterious hymn,
Which weeping nature, o'er departing day,
With dulcet sadness sings.

And see, the moon
Walks forth from her rich tent of golden clouds
With smiles and blushes, like my Thirza, when
At eve she from our bower, decked by her hand
In fresh-blown blossomings, comes forth to meet
Her Abel, from his folded flocks returned.
O, that I might by moonlight, as I roam
These shadowy groves, the songs of seraphs hear ;
Such as my parents in the rosy bowers
And cinnamon-woods of happy paradise

Oft listened to transported. When they tell
To us, their children, of the converse sweet
Which they with heavenly spirits oft enjoyed,
And high communion held with God himself,
How burns my heart within me, and I sigh
For such companionship of blessedness.
Ye beauteous stars, ye living fires that light
The boundless blue, what are ye?—what but dust,
The shining dust, of heaven's resplendent road!
O, I should joy
To fling mortality's dim vest aside,
Cumberous, and clogged with sin; and, light as air,
Mount on yon moonlight cloud, and tread that path
Of sparkling brilliance, which conducts to those
Bright mansions in the skies, where seraphim
Attune their harps before the immortal throne!
But yonder Cain advances.—How he frowns!
A more than wonted fierceness on his brow
Lowers fearfully.—

Enter CAIN, armed with a Club.

O, Cain, my brother, why that eye of fire,
And that wrath-speaking visage? What dire thoughts
Possess thy wayward fancy? Smooth thy brow.
Sure I have not in aught against thee sinned;
Or if I have unwittingly offended
Thee, my loved friend, O pardon me, I pray,
My unknown fault, and in those arms embrace,
With reconciliation sweet, thy brother.

CAIN.

No, thou curst minion ! who from me hast won
The love of mortals, and regard of Heaven,
I rather would the fierce she-bear embrace,
Robbed of her whelps ; or let the serpent wreath
His green and scaly folds around my limbs,
Than take thee to these arms ! Die, soft deceiver !
[Raising his Club.]

ABEL.

Die, O my brother !

CAIN.

Yes, thou by my hand
Shalt from the earth be swept ! Thy blood will I
In sacrifice pour to the god I serve,
Whose priest I now shall be, and thus I rid
Me of thy hated presence, and revenge
The wrongs which thou hast done me.

ABEL.

Cruel Cain !

And canst thou, canst thou take away my life ?
Will nothing but my blood allay thy hate,
Appease thy indignation ? Think, O think,
How in one womb we both have lain, have drained
The lacteal streams from the same mother's breast :
And O, how oft has that kind mother hung
O'er us in pride and joyfulness, as she

Her Cain and Abel to her bosom pressed.
Canst thou forget how in the groves we played,
Like two young fawns, or lambkins of the flock,
And strove which should the sweetest blossoms pluck
To make a garland for our father's brows ;
Which when we to him brought, he raised us both
Upon his knees, and kissed our parted lips
That told him how we loved.

O canst thou, Cain,
Murder the brother who, as down the stream
We sportive swam together, when the bird,
The river queen, with milk-white downy plumes,
Guarding her isle-born young with pinion spread,
Dashed thee beneath the waves, flew to thy aid,
Resolved to perish with his dear-loved Cain,
Or save him from the waters ? How canst thou
Lift that huge club, to injure him who ne'er
Hath injured thee, but loves thee as himself ?

CAIN.

Hast thou not, soft deluder, from me stolen
That patriarchal power, which should descend
To me the first-born, and my rightful line
Grace to remotest time ? Hence, crafty one !
Thou human serpent ! thus thy head I bruise,
And by one blow my injured race avenge !

ABEL.

Remorseless brother, thou hast Abel slain !

Yet he forgives thee, and his dying breath
Shall t' Elohyim intercession make,
That he will pardon thee this deed of blood.
O Thirza ! O my parents ! Adieu for ever. [*Dies.*]

CAIN.

Abel !——And art thou dead ? How pale he lies.
His blood flows to my feet. What have I done ?
Away, thou instrument of death and murder ;
A brother's blood is on thee ! How dark it is.
Shine forth, thou moon, and cast thy light abroad,
To cheer the shadow of death that all things veils.
My deeds have turned the very moon and stars
With horror pale :—they will not shine upon me.
O Abel, speak to me ! Awake, arise,
And let me hear again thy tuneful voice.
He will awake no more ! Come, god of earth,
Behold thy innocent victim ;
The gory offering thou of me didst claim.
I am thy priest, and have to thee outpoured
Libations hot of blood, of kindred blood,
A brother's sacred blood ! Appear, great spirit,
And me, with all my household, hence convey
To thy fair land of promise.——
He heeds not.——Hark ! I hear the rushing sound
Of mighty wings above me, and the air
With suffocating fumes is hot. I feel
Flame-scorched ; and hear loud whisperings and strange
tongues

That syllable unknown words.—He comes, he comes,
The god of this new world, with pinion spread
To bear us hence.—What demon laugh was that!
The rocks re-echo back the hideous roar,
As if a thousand evil spirits mocked
My bloody sacrifice.

O, I'm betrayed
To guilt unpardonable. Where can I fly?
The pangs of hell have taken hold upon me.
Anguish unutterable!—Ha, I perceive
A strange appearance in the firmament:
Creatures that dwell i' th' sun, or stars, or heaven,
Are on those clouds in full refulgence clad,
And bowing low to one that wears the form
Of him who here lies slain. It is my brother.
His brows are garlanded with sunbeams, and
His robes are like the lustre of the morn:
The skies resound with shouts of welcoming,
And from the breaking clouds of light a gush
Seraphical of music downward rolls.
Open, thou earth, and hide me! O, my crimes
Do shut me out from hope.—The vision fades
In storm and terrible darkness; and I hear
The dreadful thunder walking through the heavens
In its resistless might.—It is the voice
Of God himself! Fall on me, O ye rocks;
Ye deepest caverns hide me from his face!

JACOB AND RACHEL.

" Sometime walking, not unseen,
By hedge-row elms, on hillocks green,
Right against the eastern gate
Where the great sun begins his state,
Rob'd in flames and amber light,
The clouds in thousand liveries dight.
While the ploughman near at hand,
Whistles o'er the furrow'd land,
And the milk-maid singeth blithe,
And the mower wets his sithe,
And every shepherd tells his tale
Under the hawthorn in the dale."

L'ALBANO.

" 'Twas not the moon in glory streaming,
As she swam forth from cloud concealing ;
It was not meteor-glance, nor lightning,
The gorgeous concave instant bright'ning,
That rushing on the shepherd's eye
Illumined heaven's vast canopy !
But, sailing down the radiant sky,
From bowers of bliss, from worlds on high,
Appeared, upborne on wings of fire,
A seraph host, an angel choir."

CARRINGTON.

JACOB AND RACHEL.

"And it came to pass, when Jacob saw Rachel, the daughter of Laban his mother's brother, and the sheep of Laban his mother's brother, that Jacob went near, and rolled the stone from the well's mouth, and watered the flock of Laban his mother's brother.

"And Jacob kissed Rachel, and lifted up his voice and wept."—Gen. xxix.

SCENE I.—*A pleasant Valley.*

JACOB.

THE sun is high in heaven, and from his throne
Of glory flings abroad the fervid day.
Nature, beneath the lustre of his eye,
Droops languidly. The breezeless groves are mute;
Yet still the merry grasshopper his lay
Chants blithly, and the bee on mossy bank
Sings to the rose; while strays from flower to flower,
Gay child of beauty, on empurpled wing
The wandering butterfly.

But I am faint,
And weary with long travel. O, how sweet

Beneath the weeping sycamore to lie,
Or the fresh-waving palm, and with the hand
From the blue fountain's wild harmonious gush
To scoop the living waters, t' allay the thirst,
The burning thirst, and bathe the throbbing brow.
Sure I must now be near my journey's end,
My pilgrimage of love and bridal bliss;
For I have travelled far since morning dawn,
When I at Bethel a rude pillar raised,
The pillar of my vows, and on the rock,
'Gainst which my houseless head I laid to sleep,
Poured out the sacred oil. But lo! I see
The shepherds lead their flocks to taste the cool
Translucent stream, which from yon well they lave:
I'll haste with them to quaff a cheering draught,
And learn if I the dwelling-place am near
Of my loved mother's kindred, Nahor's son. [Exit.

SCENE II.—*The Well. Shepherds with their Flocks.*

JACOB, SHEPHERD.

JACOB.

THANKS, gentle shepherd.—How refreshing 'tis
To a parched traveller, toiling on his way,
To taste the limpid spring bright welling forth:

More sweet it seems than wine of palm or grape,
Served up in costly bowl at kingly feast.
Unpent in cities, ye are Nature's sons,
Who roam at freedom, and enjoy the rich
Variety she yields. The beautiful,
The rude and dreadful, simple and sublime,
Are yours, children of liberty : for ye can view
At early dawn the clear blue arch of heaven,
With all its pomp of colours, and the sun
Rise in unbounded glory to the sound
Of rustic reed, and waterfall, and hymn
Of morning winds, and all the passionate lays
Of forest warblers. At the noon, the fount,
O'ercanopied with fragrant myrtle-flowers,
Is yours, by which to lie, on roseate bank,
Where visits the wild bee with drowsy note
Each opening bud ; while in the shady grove,
Your flocks couch ruminating. And when eve,
Breathing mysterious airs and odours rich
Comes o'er the world, with her sweet star of dews,
And bids the glow-worm light her amorous lamp,
As to the folds ye lead your gentle sheep
The moon from cloud-clad tabernacle looks,
And a fresh scene of soft enchantment breaks,
Silvery and shadowy wrought, on your glad sight ;
While in the forest and pomegranate bower,
The nightingales are talking sweet of love.

When ye the lofty mountain's brow achieve,
And all the vast sun-gilded prospect shines,
Of woods and waters, cities, vales, and plains,
In full luxuriance, how bound your hearts
With high delight. Nor can ye feel less joy,
Though mixed with awe and wonder, when ye view
The rugged precipice and towering cliff,
On which the screaming eagle sits, and builds
Her eyried nest the blood-hawk ; or look forth
Towards the lone desert, and behold afar
The moving of its wind-stirred sea of sand,
Whose crimson columns, lifted to the sky,
With horrid stride stalk o'er the dismal waste,
The traveller burying 'neath their mountain dust !
But, tell me, friendly shepherd of the groves,
From whence ye come, and where your kindred dwell.

SHEPHERD.

From Haran are we, stranger, and beyond
That palmy wood our humble dwellings stand.

JACOB.

Right happily met. And do ye Laban know,
The son of Nahor ? Say.

SHEPHERD.

Stranger, we do.

JACOB.

I trust the man is well, and all his house.

SHEPHERD.

He is, and all who dwell beneath his roof.
Good store he has of fruitful flocks and herds,
Asses and camels, tents and household stuff.—
But yonder doth his youngest daughter come,
Rachel, the gentle shepherdess, who keeps
Her father's flocks. Blest with a lovely form,
For her oft echo these green woods and hills,
To impassioned pipe and sadly-plaintive harp
Of disregarded swain : but no one yet
Hath won the maiden's love.

Enter RACHEL, with her Flocks.

JACOB.

Her form is grace and loveliness combined ;
And on her cheek the rose of Sharon blooms,
Blent with the unstained lily of the vale :
Her lips are the pomegranate's crimson buds,
Her teeth white as a flock of new-shorn lambs
On Carmel's flowery mount. O, blest the hour
In which I left my father's tents, to seek
An helpmate of Bethuel's kindred line.
Sweet maiden, I the stone will roll away

That hides the mouth of yonder limpid well,
And water give thy flocks. [*He waters the Flocks.*]

RACHEL.

What youth is this ?

A stranger, and so kind ! His noble mien
Willing respect inspires, and doubt and fear
Fly from the azure mildness of his eye,
Like the dim mists before the laughing morn.
My fluttering heart a new sensation feels.

JACOB, (*advancing to Rachel.*)

Damsel of beauty, I thy sun-beat flocks
Of the cool wave have given, their thirst to quench ;
And most delightful it would be, to serve
So fair a mistress daily.—Marvel not
At my fond tale. I am a stranger here ;
Driven by a ruthless brother, who doth seek
To take my life, in fear my mother bade
Me fly my tented home, and a fair bride
Choose from her kindred virgins. I have reached
My journey's end,—already have beheld
The damsel of my love. Beautiful maid,
Ne'er did I feel, till this transporting hour,
Young passion rushing through my every vein,
And in this heart creating measureless joy.
O'er my rapt senses thy soft beauties dawn

Like the full moon, her cloud-veil flinging by,
 On a lone traveller who from sleep awakes
 Beside some fountain, bright with tremulous beams.

RACHEL.

Thou art a stranger, and it were not fit
 That I should listen to the suit of one
 My father knows not.—Nay it must not be.

JACOB.

Turn, gentle damsel, I no alien am,
 No stranger to Bethuel's ancient line ;
 For I am Jacob, son of Isaac, who
 Thy father's sister, fair Rebekah, took
 With love and honour to his marriage bed :
 And I am from Beersheba hither come,
 To seek thee for my bride. Scorn not these tears,
 For they are passionate tears of joy and hope,
 Like those soft showers through which the sunbeams dart
 To kiss the forehead of young laughing spring,
 And the rich cloud-bow paint in radiant tints,
 While thus I dare thy fragrant lips to press,
 Which the dew-scented mulberry's ruby fruit
 In sweetness and in colour far outvie.

RACHEL.

And art thou then indeed the offspring of
 Renowned Abraham, and Rebekah's son ?

O let me haste to tell my happy sire
Of thy arrival—

JACOB.

Let me woo thee first
With vows of everlasting constancy,
Of tenderness, and still increasing love.—
And I a dream of glory would relate,
Which on my journey hither, as I slept
Beneath the sky's blue canopy, with head
Sheltered from winds by the dark rugged rock,
I saw delighted : for it doth foretel :
Of power, dominion, joy, and blessedness
That shall our bright love crown, and spread o'er all
The wide-extended world.—

As heavy sleep
Hung on my dew-bathed eyelids, visions played
About my waking fancy, and I saw
The clouds roll back that clad the eastern skies,
Revealing Heaven in its all-gorgeous pomp ;
Such pomp as may not be with aught on earth
Justly compared. The glittering steps that led
To its high gate of flaming carbuncle,
Were each a radiant gem, that emerald light,
And ruby beams, and diamond fires shot forth ;
And lovely creatures of embodied flame,
With star-bright eyes and rainbow-tinted plumes,
Whose heavenly beauty shed around them rings

Of never-dying glory, still were seen
 Ascending and descending those bright steps,
 The messengers to earth of peace and love.
 But there appeared above them One, who far
 Surpassed in majesty those shapes of light,
 E'en as the sun the glow-worm's lamp outshines :
 It was th' Omnipotent ! th' Unutterable !
 Whom my faint eyes could not behold, or bear
 On th' insufferable refulgency to gaze
 That burned around him ! 'Neath his feet appeared
 Th' unfading flowers of paradise, commixed
 With sunset splendours that for ever blaze
 With glory unspeakable !

RACHEL.

It was a dream
 Of awful pomp : I feel my spirit tremble
 To hear thee tell its wonders so sublime.

JACOB.

Before that Mighty One I fearful sank
 In lowly adoration ; when His voice
 Came in a flood of music on mine ears,
 Saying, " I am the God of Abraham,
 And He thy father worships : I will give
 The land whereon thou liest thy houseless head
 Unto thy offspring, that in number shall
 Surpass the ocean sands which line the shore ;

On every side will they their power extend,
And by thee and thy progeny, shall all
That dwell beneath the circling sun be blest.
Behold, I still am with thee, and my hand,
Where'er thou roamest, thy wandering steps shall guard;
To this fair land shalt thou in peace return,
For I will never leave thee, and the words
Which now I speak, shall surely be fulfilled."
The vision faded,——and the sky-bird poured
His early music from the dewy clouds
Of morn as I awoke, in deep awe wrapped,
And thus exclaimed, "Jehovah sure is here!
And yet I knew it not.—How dreadful, then,
This place! It is the sacred house of God,
The gate of paradise!"

Wilt thou not, then,
Sweet Rachel, of the bluey-sparkling eye
And cheek of roses, be my dear-loved bride?

RACHEL.

Nay, Jacob, I do fear
My father will long servitude require
Of thee for dower, ere I become thy bride.
And couldst thou lead a shepherd's life, content
To toil for me?

JACOB.

O, I would with yon sun

Arise to labour, nor forsake the field
Till he beneath the western hill retired,
And twilight o'er the mountain flung her veil
Of dimness and of shadows. I would dwell
Year after year from my ancestral home,
An unrepining exile, so that I
Thy love and bridal hand at last might win.

RACHEL.

And wouldst thou be my shepherd, and at eve,
When the red sun goes down, in wattled fold
Pen my loved fleecy lambs ; and when the morn
Comes laughing o'er the hills, and flings abroad
The silver dewdrops and the golden beams
In mingled beauty, wilt thou guide my sheep
And skipping goats to the fresh pastures green ?

JACOB.

Yes, I at eventide, when suns go down
To foam-besprinkled caverns of the main,
Thy flocks will pen, and from the prowling wolf
And hungry bear will guard them, till the morn
Unclose her blue eye to the first sweet song
Of cloud-embosomed lark : then to the meads,
Empurpled with rich blooms of every hue,
And river's lily-mantled banks, conduct
Thy fleecy charge, thy coming there to wait.

RACHEL.

And wouldst thou do all this, my love to win ?

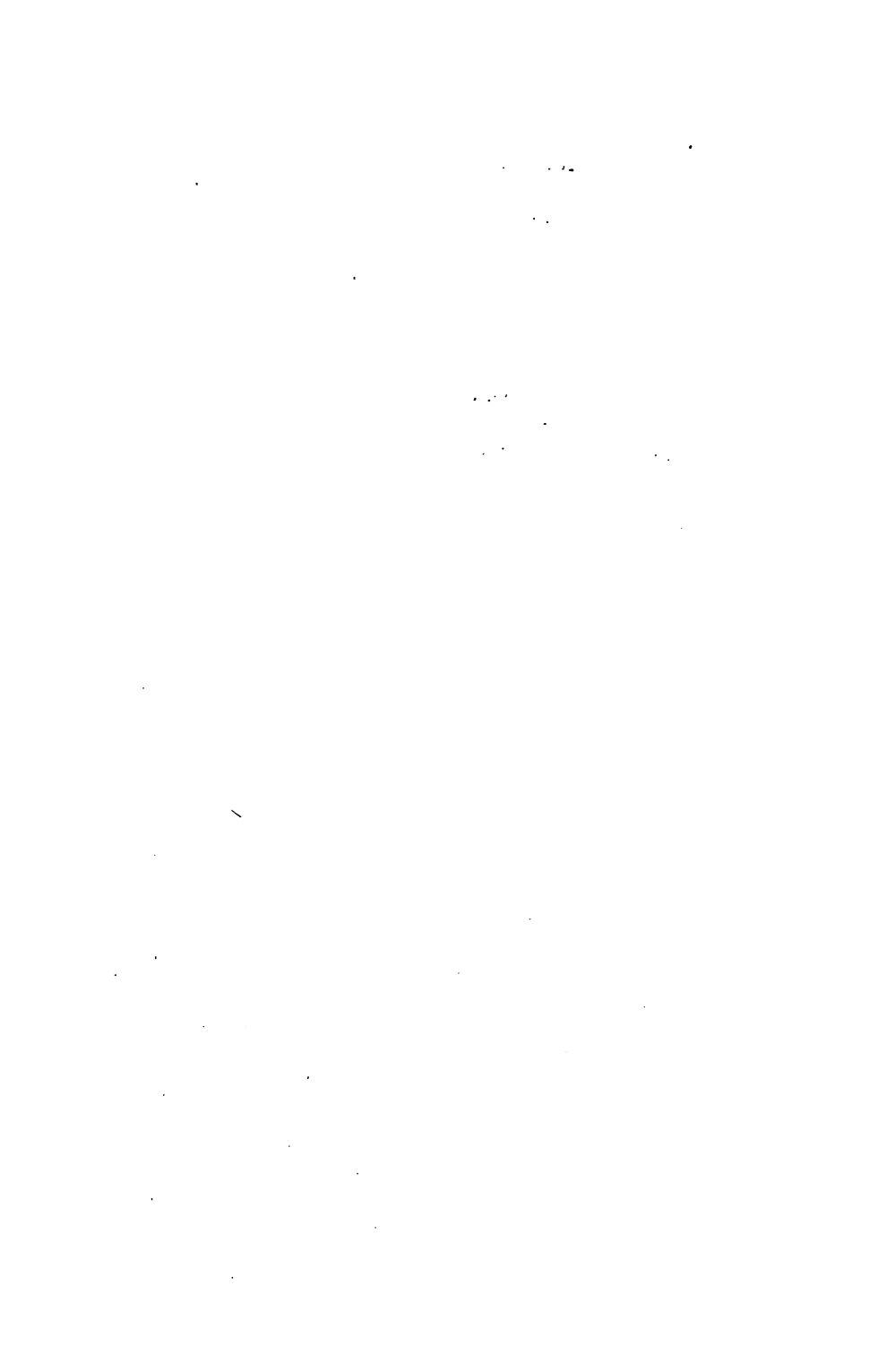
JACOB.

Nay, this and more :—for when the star of day
In cloudless splendour shines, I'll lead thee where,
Beneath the blossoms of the lemon-grove,
Thou, and thy sheep and lambkins, shall recline
On violet banks, yet moist with pearly dew
And weeping lily-cups, from which the air
Borrows its richest fragrance.—
The balmy-breathing winds from almond-bowers
Shall thy soft couch with Syrian rose-leaves spread,
And silver-talking doves, amid the shade,
Blend their sweet voices with the murmuring breeze.
I'll rob the wood-bees of their luscious comb
To bring to thee, and search through all the groves
For the pomegranate and delicious fig,
Mulberries and purple grapes, thy lip to cool.
Then when the evening comes, we'll hand in hand
Wander near some melodious waterfall,
To hear the nightingales, mark the sweet moon—
Like thee, my love, awaking from a dream—
Unveil her beauty in the east, and view
The shadowy loveliness of earth, arrayed
In silvery mantle ; while, as on the winds
Thy golden tresses float, the brightest flowers

From summer's lap I'll cull, with which to wreath
Those shining locks, and dare again to press
Thy honey-breathing lips, that to my soul
Yield blissful sweetness.

RACHEL.

O, thou flatterer, cease.—
But yonder is my father : let me lead
Thee to him. He will give thee kindly greeting.



THE FALL OF JERICHO.

" ——— 'Tis he,

**At whose bare nod a million swords outsprung,
Before whom armies withered at the touch,
Whom nations worshipped on the supple knee,
Caressed, served, flattered, by recumbent kings!"**

CARRINGTON.

THE FALL OF JERICHO.

“ And the priests that bare the ark of the covenant of the Lord, stood firm on dry ground in the midst of Jordan ; and all the Israelites passed over on dry ground, until all the people were passed clean over Jordan.” Joshua iii.

“ And it came to pass, when the people heard the sound of the trumpet, and the people shouted with a great shout, that the wall fell down flat, so that the people went up into the city, every man straight before him, and they took the city.” Ib. vi.

SCENE I.—*The interior of the Temple of Baal.—
The perpetual Fire burning, and the Priests attending the Sacrifices on Seven Altars.*

The KING OF JERICHO, NOBLES, and PRIESTS.

KING.

THUS we the holy incense on thy fire,
Lord of the skies, refulgent day-god, fling ;
And pour from the gem-clustered vase the wine
To thee in full libation. King of light,^d
Shine forth in all thy strength, and melt the snows
O' th' cedar-crowned heights of Lebanon ;
And to a sea-broad river Jordan swell,

Beyond its wonted spring-tides far, till all
Our foes that lie encamped on its green banks
Are wasted and devoured with rank disease !
Dart forth thy brightest arrows on the heads
Of these invading Hebrews, as thou drivest,
Glory-insphered, thy chariot through the heavens ;
Blast them with burning fevers, blotches, blains,
And spotted pestilence, till their wide camp
A lazar-house become ! Then call thou forth
The blue fiend of the desert, whose hot breath
Nations consumes, to spread his purple wing
Over their yelling tents, till not a slave
Remain their dead to bury !

FIRST LORD.

Hast thou not,
O King of Jericho, sent forth a spy
To mark the movements of this dreaded foe ?

KING.

Two days ago I sent Zephazor hence,
T'wards the western banks of Jordan's barrier flood ;
And he, ere this, should have returned to me,
With tidings of that strange, though mighty people.

SECOND LORD.

Mighty indeed ! The tale is old and rife
Among the warlike kingdoms of this land,

That this new nation, come from Mizraim's coast,
Shall root them out of their strong holds, and turn
Their royal cities into smoky heaps ;
Among its tribes fair Canaan's realms divide,
And those who fall not by the sword, drive out
To roam o'er the wild waters of the sea,
Or pine sad exiles in far distant climes.

FIRST LORD.

The hearts of warrior-kings and giant-chiefs
Faint with dismay, e'en at the very name
Of Israel, and its wonder-working God.
Who has not heard how He the rolling waves
Of th' Erythræan sea divided, and a path
Through the dark oozy depths made for his host
To pass in safety : while the billowy swell,
That rose on either side, a bulwark firm
As walls and towers of brass, down rolling fell
On Egypt's flower of warriors, who had dared
The Hebrew tribes pursue, and ere the dawn
The parted waves had closed on prancing steed,
On iron chariot, and fierce charioteer,
On helm and plume, on downcast shield and lance !

SECOND LORD.

And has not this redoubted Israel slain
Sihon, the King of Heshbon ; to the sword
Given all his people ? Nay, discomfited

Great Og, the Prince of Bashan, fained in war,
 Of giant line descended? He his host,
 Towering in radiant panoply, o'erlooked.
 In battle he, as doth the sun-smote cliff
 The shadowy waving of the forest vale:
 And yet before the Israelitish swords,
 He fell in fight; while the roving Hebrews reign
 O'er all the fenced cities of the hills,
 O'er Bashan's forests, and fair Salcah's towers,
 From where Aröer on blue Arnon's banks
 Lifts its proud gates and bulwarks, to the plains
 Of balmy Gilead, and the cloud-clad mount
 Of lofty Shenir.

KING.

Let me hear no more
 Would I their spies had found, who hither came
 To search the land! I would have offered up
 Their mangled limbs a sacrifice to the gods,
 And satisfied my thirsty soul with vengeance!
 But say, ye sacred priests, what high portents
 And happy ominations have ye seen
 Of our success against th' invading foe?

FIRST PRIEST.

As I at eventide the incense cast,
 O King, into the everlasting fire,
 The flames sank down, and suddenly expired;

A shriek unearthly through the temple rang,
And a deep voice came from the oracle,
The image of great Baalim, and these words
Pierced my affrighted ears :—

“ A dreadful lion from the desert comes,
Our Canaanitish worshippers to slay.
Flee to the distant mountains, and the isles
That are far off : the sea can only save
From his devouring wrath ! A mightier God
Comes to o’erturn our altars, to destroy
The temples of your fathers, and set up
A strange mysterious worship.” Then there came
A horrible sound, as if the city fell,
With all its bulwarks, gates, and massy towers,
Down crashing, rushing, thundering to the ground.

SECOND PRIEST.

As I, last night, to the fair queen of Heaven,
Paid our accustomed worship in the grove,
She fainted in the glory of her light,
And a deep gloom o’er her full brightness came,
But not of passing cloud or wandering storm :
It was the shadow of some adverse god
That fell upon her beauty, turning it
To ghastliness and blank obscurity.
The night at her distress some tears let fall,
And as we clashed the instruments of brass,
And sounded loud the trumpet and the horn
To wake her into splendour, o’er the skies

There rushed such rainbow-coloured light, and flashed
Such fitful glory, as my eyes before
Did ne'er behold.—Then saw we in the clouds
Giants in armour glare, and mail-girt hosts,
That rushed to battle with appalling din.
Stars swept along the heavens, and clashed against
Each other with a fearful hissing sound ;
Then fell to earth extinguished. Here were seen
Chariots of lightning, and war-steeds of flame,
Encountering with fierce shock ; there the proud city
Down tumbling the deep yawning earthquake gulph,
Its shattered towers in the thick dust-cloud hid,
And all was slaughter, ruin, blood, and death !

KING.

O, dreadful prodigies ! the gods, I fear,
Are angry at neglect of altar rites,
And to our enemies will leave us soon.
But see, Zephazor comes.

Enter ZEPHAZOR and attendants.

ZEPHAZOR

Thou King of Jericho, ye chiefs, and priests,
Well may ye offer incense to the gods,
And sacrifice of blood ; for ye will need,
Amid the roar of battle, all their power
Your cause to aid. Arm, arm, ye men of might,
Mustering your hosts, let each his war-horse barb,

Ascend your chariots, handle well the spear,
And rush like hungry lions on the foe !
Let your past deeds of prowess in the fight,
That fame hath in her annals blazoned forth,
And distant chiefs listened with joy to hear
The minstrel chant in festive hall of shields,
Be deemed but childish pastime, when compared
With those achievements you ere long shall win.
On conflict's gore-stained fields ! Implore the aid
Of every tutelary deity :

And O, great sun adored, supreme in heaven,
Parent of nature, universal lord,
Those who before thee bow, and solemnly
Worship thy glorious rising in the east,
With courage irresistible now inspire,
Dareful the foe to meet ; who hitherward
The torrent of his power doth fiercely roll,
Like yonder Jordan swelled with mountain snows,
That, in the fullness of its sea-like waves,
Sweeps all before it to th' Asphaltic deep.

KING.

But say, Zephazor, what hast thou beheld
Of this new people, what their harnessry,
Their warlike weapons, numbers, discipline,
Stature, and feats in martial exercise ;
The miraculous cloudy pillar, said to be
Their guide through the lone pathless wilderness.

With all thine eyes have witnessed since thou leatest
The gates of Jericho for Jordan's banks ?

ZEPHAZOR.

'Twas yet the twilight that precedes the morn,
When we the flowery banks of Jordan reached,
But could not ford its wide and rapid swell.
The sky-bird, from her daisied nest uprisen,
Her early hymn to the low-sitting moon,
On Gilgal's mountains, cloud embosomed, sang.
Night down the west her shadowy waggon drove,
With fading starbeams gemmed, as we attained
An eminence that far o'erlooked the scene
Of mist-clad hill and valley, flood and plain.
A roseate glory streaked the eastern heavens,
Caught from the glance of morning's opening eye,
Who, child of light, with smiles and blushes decked,
Up from her saffron couch arose, and showered
The chariot-road of day's refulgent god.
With richest gems, and gold, and bloomy rose,
The moon, as she her empire yielded up,
Turned pale with envy, and retired to rest
In the deep caverns of the western sea.
The morning star in a cerulean cloud
Faded away, like a bright topaz cast
Into the bosom of a dimpled lake.
Then burst the looming landscape on our sight,
Immense and richly varied : To the east

The lofty summits of mount Hermon, crowned
With a green diadem of oaks, appeared,
Like a proud giant, his dark dewy locks
Shaking to the young breeze ; while Pisgah's heights
Lay basking in a flood of purple light.
Beneath our feet Jordan his primrose banks,
With myrtle fringed, o'erflowing, rolled along
Through meads of Syrian roses, and fresh flowers
That mocked the morn's pure blushes. Here by groves,
Where nature's minstrels poured their night-tuned
songs,

He lingering strayed, with them his melody
Deeply to mingle. There by wide spread bowers
Of weeping sycamore, and balm, and myrrh,
And musky rose, where youthful virgin poured
To her fond shepherd's pipe a morning lay,
He stole along so softly, that his voice
Came o'er the ear sweet as bewildered tones
Of the wind-smitten harp : while through the vale
Of Kezir he, ere with the dark blue lake
His waters mingled, in hoarse thunder roared,
As o'er the rocks that would his passage bar,
Mantled in foam, he leaped outrageously.
Far in the west, with lofty palace tower,
Rampart, and pinnacle, and turret, rose
The royal city, stately Jericho :
Her gates were yet unbarred ; her watchmen paced
Sad-heartedly along her battlements,

Gazing with fearful eye the prospect round.
A foe, a deadly foe, was on their coast,
Whose vast encampment near the eastern side
Of sea-broad Jordan we now plainly viewed.
His tents were numerous as the dew drops spread,
Offspring of morn, o'er the fresh waving fields :
Twelve princely standards floated on the breeze,
That rippled with its kiss the neighbouring flood :
A tabernacle, centered in the camp,
Stood like a temple ; on its top was seen
A cloudy column that to heaven arose
Sublimely awful ; from its dark folds flashed
Bright intermitting streams of vivid flame,
As if some god had made it his abode,
Dwelling in lightning inaccessible !
And now uprose the glorious prince of day
O'er the blue mountains of the east :—we bowed
In worship down. Scarce had the Hebrew camp
Its shadow cast on the war-cumbered plain,
Ere it outpoured its myriads, thick as bees
Sending their summer colonies abroad
From hollow rock, or honey-dropping tree :
The multitudes, sheathed in th' attire of war,
Effulgent shone ; till the wide plain appeared
A wavering sea of flame. Sweet on the winds
The silver music of the trump was heard
Its battle-tones to fling. Then slowly rose
The pyramid of clouds enwreathed with fire,

That cast its glory far abroad, and seemed
To dazzle the young morning's radiant eye,
From off their curtained fane, and forward moved,
Their guide to conquest. In the front was seen,
Borne by their priests, a splendid ark, whereon
Blazed imagery of gold. Then to the sound
Of warlike minstrelsey, at distance came
Thousands on thousands, marshalled for the fight.
Twelve mighty hosts this wonderous people formed ;
And in the van, far off, we could discern
A lion blazoned in refulgent gold
On its proud streaming banners.

KING.

Fatal omen !

Ye gods, ye gods, forsake us not ; nor give
Us up to these destroyers. Keep, O keep
The wandering robbers on the eastern shores
Of Jordan's barrier stream, and here I vow,
Great Baal, to offer on yon stone of death
My own loved son in bloody sacrifice !
But with thy tale proceed.

[The Priests shout, &c.]

ZEPHAZOR.

Close at the heels
Of the mail-harnessed ranks followed in clouds
A mingled multitude, numerous as sands

Thrown on the wave-swept shore, or stars that deck
The winter's moonless skies. And now the host
The spreading waters of old Jordan nighed :
The priests who bore their imaged ark approached
The flowery strand, as if the tide to stem,
That with its surgy swell a barrier formed
Impassable. The crystal billows bathed
Their feet advancing ;—when, O dread to tell,
The cloud that led them, o'er the mid-most flood
Hung darkening its black wreaths to sevenfold night :
A stream of fire rushed round the affrighted skies
From its thick raven skirts ; red lightnings scathed
The roseate garlands of the blue-eyed morn ;
The sun-god in his bright career was dimmed,
And thunders broke that earth's foundations moved :
Old hoary Hermon his full locks did shake
With fearfulness and trembling ; and the streams
Of Jordan instantly, in wild dismay,
Stood still,—then backward, at the voice of Israel's God,
Fled frightened to their source ; while low the bed
Of the broad waters, to the sun displayed,
Lay trembling at the light ! Fled with loud shrieks
The spirits of the flood : mountain, and wood,
And cave sighed back the doleful sounds ! The tribes
Of wandering Hebrews uttered loud their shouts,
That rent Heaven's concave !—On the fire-cloud moved
Towards our city's plains ; followed the host
Dryshod in safety o'er the river's course,

Not one of all its countless multitudes
Behind remaining !

[*The King, Nobles, and Priests throw dust on their
heads, and fall before the Altars.*]

Shut the city gates,
And bar them strongly ; man the rampart walls ;
The cloud-led enemy is on our plains !
Let the quick-sighted watchmen mount the towers,
Let every warrior don his battle gear,
And seize, with dauntless hand, the shield and spear !

SCENE II.—*The outside of the Walls of Jericho.—
The Israelitish Camp at a distance.*

*Enter JOSHUA, ELIZAPHAN Prince of Zebulun, SHE-
LOMI Prince of Judah, other Princes, and part of
the Hebrew army.*

JOSHUA.

THE sun in smiling glory up the sky
Triumphant rides ; all nature gladly hails
His sense-delighting presence. Sweet the birds
Their wild lays pour : but there are other sounds
On the soft winds afloat, that to the hearts
Of Israel's sons speak sweeter melody.

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The horn of battle rings for the last time,
O Jericho, around thy lofty walls.
And now, brave princes, and assembled hosts,
This day another miracle behold :
Ye shall not lift a spear, nor draw a bow,
Yet ere yon sun his mid-sky height attains,
The city shall be ours.

ELIZAPHAN.

Brave Joshua, we
Long to behold its boasted bulwarks fall ;
And in the blood of its inhabitants
Our thirsty weapons bathe.

JOSHUA.

For the last time,
The fearful watchmen on thy sun-gilt towers
View the young dawn ; and, turning to the east
Where shine a thousand radiant dies of light,
Worship the redly flaming king of day.
Vain are thy walls of hewn and massy stone,
Thy tower-crowned palaces, thy trophied halls,
Thy swelling battlements, and golden spires !
Vain is the valour of thy men of might,
And warlike lifters of the brazen spear ;
And vain the ponderous bars of thy proud gates !
Our sacred banners, floating on the winds,
Emblazoned with the golden signs of heaven,^b

And cherub-shadowed ark, by holy priests
Borne 'twixt two dreadful hosts of armed men,
The shining of whose mail like lightning streams
Along thy walls and turrets, hath, since dawn,
In awful silence six times thee begirt.
See! once again, the last, seventh time they come.
And hark! the seven times seventh loud blast doth ring
Of horn and trump: valley, and hill, and tower,
Re-echo back the death-song of thy fall;
For thou shalt sink, proud city, and be found
No more among the nations of the earth!

[*The Ark appears borne by the Priests, the Twelve Standards and a host of Warriors, in solemn procession.—Trumpets, &c.*]

Wave high your glittering banners on the air,
Mail-clad gonfaloniers; blow the shrill trump
And martial horn, loud, and still louder yet.
Break, break the mystic silence, all ye hosts
Of joyful Israel; shake the glancing spear,
And strike your sounding bucklers; lift the shout,
The shout triumphant, o'er yon trembling city,
Till shake th' eternal hills, and heaven resounds
With crash of falling walls, down tumbling towers,
The shrieks of horror, and the cries of death!

[*Flourish, Shouts, &c.—The City falls.*]

It falls! it falls! and Jericho's no more!

Temple and palace, dome and battlement,
With hideous shock, down on each other rush !
The sun is darkened with thick clouds of dust,
And from the city comes a dreadful wall
Of anguish and despair ! Draw forth your swords,
Ye valiant princes, and ye men of war ;
Mount o'er the ruins of their gates and towers ;
Let none of all the Baal adorers live,
Save Rahab and her house, who hid our spies.—
The sword of Israel, and the wasting fire,
Shall to the end of time, O Jericho,
Make thee a desolation ! In thy halls
Of bannered pride, the wolf and bear shall dwell ;
The crested cormorant from thy windows cry.
Thy temples shall be made a dwelling place
For the she-lion's whelps, who from the reeds
Of Jordan's flood shall come with thee to dwell.
The hideous snake, with eye of fire malign,
Shall in thy regal chambers hiss the raven,
Perched on thy blackened walls ; and thou remain,
O'ergrown with weeds, a lonely heap of stones !
Haste to the work of death !—On, on to victory !

RUTH.

Thrown on the wave-swept shore, or stars that deck
The winter's moonless skies. And now the host
The spreading waters of old Jordan nighed :
The priests who bore their imaged ark approached
The flowery strand, as if the tide to stem,
That with its surgy swell a barrier formed
Impassable. The crystal billows bathed
Their feet advancing ;—when, O dread to tell,
The cloud that led them, o'er the mid-most flood
Hung darkening its black wreaths to sevenfold night :
A stream of fire rushed round the affrighted skies
From its thick raven skirts ; red lightnings scathed
The roseate garlands of the blue-eyed morn ;
The sun-god in his bright career was dimmed,
And thunders broke that earth's foundations moved :
Old hoary Hermon his full locks did shake
With fearfulness and trembling ; and the streams
Of Jordan instantly, in wild dismay,
Stood still,—then backward, at the voice of Israel's God,
Fled frightened to their source ; while low the bed
Of the broad waters, to the sun displayed,
Lay trembling at the light ! Fled with loud shrieks
The spirits of the flood : mountain, and wood,
And cave sighed back the doleful sounds ! The tribes
Of wandering Hebrews uttered loud their shouts,
That rent Heaven's concave !—On the fire-cloud moved
Towards our city's plains ; followed the host
Dryshod in safety o'er the river's course,

Not one of all its countless multitudes
Behind remaining !

[*The King, Nobles, and Priests throw dust on their
heads, and fall before the Altars.*]

Shut the city gates,
And bar them strongly ; man the rampart walls ;
The cloud-led enemy is on our plains !
Let the quick-sighted watchmen mount the towers,
Let every warrior don his battle gear,
And seize, with dauntless hand, the shield and spear !

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RUTH.

ORPAH.

Nay, but we will go
With thee unto thy people.

NAOMI.

Raise your eyes
T' th' distant mountains of your father's dwelling ;
Are they not with the silver-fleeced flocks
Besprinkled of your sire ? Do not those plains,
So dimly blue, resound at morn and eve
With the loud lowing of his lacteal kine,
His stall-fed oxen, and his lusty bulls ?
Do not his vineyards cover that green hill
Which sweetly shelters from the northern blast
His gay abode, round which the myrtle tree
And orange shed their fragrant blossomings,
And flourish the green bay and sycamore,
While plenty crowns his board ? Then follow not
Naomi, who returns distressed and poor,
Of all her wealth, of all she loved bereft,
To her own land,—a land to you of strangers ;
Where you will find no hospitable door,
Nor father's arms thrown open to receive you.
Ah ! if you go, how deeply will you sigh
For yonder hills, and pine for your loved home.

ORPAH.

My father's dwelling is indeed th' abode

Of wealth and pleasure, garlanded with flowers.
And since 'tis your desire I now return,
O may the gods propitious on you look,
And have you in their keeping. Bless you, mother.—
Farewell for ever !——Come, sweet sister, come.
[*Exit Orpah.*]

NAOMI.

Behold, my Ruth, thy sister is gone back
Unto her country, kindred, and her gods.

RUTH.

Entreat me not, I pray, to follow her ;
For where thou goest, will I also go,
Thy country and thy people shall be mine,
And where before thy God thou worshippest, I
Will worship with thee too. For thee will I
My father's house forsake, to dwell with strangers ;
And should no roof receive us, we will find
Safe lodgment in the woodbine-bosomed grot,
Or forest bower ; and I for thee will glean
The harvest fields, bring the ripe golden ears
To our low dwelling, search the meads and woods
For the wild cherry and the juicy grape
With which thy board to heap. Nor will I sigh
For country or for kindred left behind ;
But joy to wait upon thy age, and dwell
Till death with my loved mother. [*Embraces Naomi.*]

Heaven shower down
 Its richest gifts upon thee, dearest Ruth,
 Thou last sweet joy of my declining years.
 Thou shalt to me be husband, daughter, sons ;
 And all I've lost, in thee I feel restored.
 Bless thee, sweet child, bless thee a thousand times !
 Now will we on.—Moab, farewell for ever !

SCENE II.—*The Corn-fields of Boaz, near Bethlehem.—Morning.—Reapers at work, Maidens gleaning, &c.*

REUBEN and RUTH, (*at a distance.*)

CHORUS OF REAPERS AND MAIDENS.

HAIL, to the God of Israel, hail !
 Whose tender mercies never fail ;
 Who bids the youthful morn with rainbow dyes
 And beamy glow illumine the skies.
 There's music streaming down the air,
 Rich odours floating on the breeze ;
 The minstrel-bird of dawn is on his rose-cloud fair,
 And fresh-awakening flowers and fragrant trees
 Lavish their sweets, and pearly tears
 Of joy weep as the sun appears.

Bend low, ye waving fields, in homage bend,
As lightly o'er you skim the dancing gales,
In honour to Jehovah, who doth send

 The fertilizing dews and rain,
And sunbeams, chasing mists from upland plain,
To load the earth with plenty. Laugh, ye vales

 Which He with beauteous bounty fills ;

And break forth into singing, all ye hills,

 Ye mountains shout aloud :

 Ye tuneful rills,

On whose green moss-banks violets blow,

And damask roses richly glow,

Warble wild descants as ye flow ;

Ye lusty herds and flocks, whose wail

Steals musically down yon dale,

And thou uprising sun, that paints the cloud

 In thy all-radiant colours proud,

 With every bird that haunts the grove,

And pours its joy-tuned tale of love,

Join in our song, that hails Jehovah king

Of heaven and earth ! Join the glad welcoming

 With which we greet

 The autumn, crowned with yellow sheaves ;

While from her purple lap, half hid with leaves,

 She flings the luscious grape so sweet,

With thousand fruits and flowerets blent,

All from Jehovah's boundless bounty sent !

Enter BOAZ.

REAPERS.

Hail to our honoured master ! On his head
Be showered the richest blessings Heaven can give.

BOAZ.

The blessing of the mighty One of Israel
Rest on you all, my husbandmen and maids.—
Reuben, what lovely stranger yonder stands ?

REUBEN.

It is, my lord, that gentile damsel, who
Naomi followed from the land of Moab.
She came to me what time the lark upsprung
From her low nest to greet the morning star,
And prayed that I would suffer her to glean
After thy reapers mid the shocks of corn ;
And she hath from the dawn continued here
With these thy maidens.

BOAZ.

Call her hither, Reuben.—

There is a beauty shining in her face,
Softened with a dejectedness so sweet,
As interests all beholders ; like the moon,
When the pale mists across her brightness float,

And round her orb a pearly halo gleams.

Enter RUTH, led by Reuben.

And is it true which I have heard of thee,
Daughter of Moab ? Didst thou thy father's house,
Where honour dwells, and luxury, garlanded
With balmy roses, crowns his banquet board,
Forsake to follow thy dead husband's mother
Into a land of strangers ? And dost thou
For poor Naomi, desolate and sad,
Bereft of all her dear-loved friends but thee,
To labour with the morning lark arise ?
And roam unweariedly from hour to hour
The scanty refuse of the fields to glean,
Fearless that noontide suns should swart that cheek,
Which rivals the bright rose of Syrian vales ?

RUTH.

'Tis true, my lord, I left my native land,
My father's house, and kindred all for her
Whom more than all I loved. Could I behold
The widowed parent of my Chilion take
Her sad departure from the land, which held
The ashes of her husband and her sons,
Heart-broken, unprotected ? Could I view
The parting tears of widowhood and age,
And calmly say, Farewell, farewell for aye ?

No, good my bounteous lord : resolved to share
The fortune of her sad declining years,
I followed her into this stranger land,
That I might cheer the evening of her days
With all a daughter's love and tenderness.
When to her lowly cottage I return,
Singing to the loved moon as in the east
She rises in her beauty; on my head
Bearing the golden ears which I have gleaned,
With a fond mother's blessing at the gate
She greets my coming. Then for her I spread
Our evening feast of parched corn and fruits,
And living water from the fountain draw
To crown our frugal board.

BOAZ.

Sweet gentile maid,

The God of Israel recompense thy love ;
And may He yield, under whose out-stretched wings
Thou 'rt come to dwell, to thee a full reward !
Go not from hence in other fields to glean,
But with my maidens here in peace abide.
Lift up thine eye, that like the azure star
Of evening earthward sheds its diamond fires,
And mark the ample harvest of my lands :
See how my golden shocks are piled on high,
And view those wide-stretched fields that have not yet
Bowed to the sickle of my lusty youths.

Then wander not from hence. No husbandman
Nor wanton boy of all my rural train
Shall dare molest thee; and when thou art faint
With heat and toil, come to yon shady bower :
There shall my damsels spread for thee a feast
On the green mossy bank, with lilies showered,
And cooling liquors pour to quench thy thirst ;
There as thou liest the freshly-waving oak
Shall cast its shadow o'er thee, and the winds
With their refrigerating odours fan
Thy panting bosom ; o'er thy head, that rests
Soft pillowed on the sweetly blowing thyme,
The woodbine shall its web of richest blooms
Weave for thy canopy, and the myrtle fling
Its milk-white fragrant blossoms in thy lap.
Then go not hence : for thou shalt glean amid
My nodding sheaves, and my young men for thee
Shall handfuls scatter of the golden ears,
That plenty may thy toilsome labours crown,
And thou return to thy poor widowed mother
And gladden her aged heart.

RUTH.

My gracious lord,
Thus on my knees I offer thee my thanks.
Thy voice, more sweet to me than yonder lark's,
That in the sunlight pours his full-tide song
Of varied harmony, cheering the toil

Of jocund reaper, fills my soul with pleasure :
For kindness dwells on thy melodious tongue,
And, like the sunbeams o'er the waving fields
Chasing the cloudy shadows, thy sweet smiles
Banish sad melancholy, turning all
My fears to hope and gladness.

O, for thee,

At harvest close, when wine-cheered reapers' shout
O'er hill and valley rings, I'll garlands wreath
Of the bright corn-flower, blue as yonder skies,
The crimson-vested poppy, and the rose
That lingers latest, nor with summer dies,
Thy honoured brows to crown. And as beneath
Th' eternal moon thou with thy rural train
Returnest home rejoicing from the field,
I will before thee dance to the full peal
Of grateful song and merry-hearted laugh,
Strewing thy path with flowers. [Exit Ruth.

BOAZ.

O, she is good,

Wise, modest, beautiful, and merits sure
A better fate than thus laboriously
Beneath the summer's burning sun to toil.—
I will the elders of the city call
To solemn council in the gate, and urge
The nearest kinsman of Naomi's line
To do her justice, to reclaim her rights,

And take the lovely Ruth to be his spouse.
Should he refuse, I am the next in blood,
And will her bridegroom be. O, how my heart
Would joy her wondrous merits to reward,
And draw her from obscurity's dim vale
Into the sunshine of prosperity,
Bid all her noble virtues blossom forth
In full perfection,—proving to mankind
That filial love like hers, in life and death,
The blessing of th' Almighty shall obtain.

SCENE III.—*The outside of Naomi's Cottage.—
Moonlight.*

RUTH.

THOU bright-eyed moon, that gentile nations worship,
Calling thee queen of heaven, how sweetly fall
Thy dewy beams upon me; and my temples,
My feverish temples, the soft eve-winds fan
Refreshingly. O, how my heart with fear,
And hope, and eager expectation throbs!
Should he, Naomi's nearest kinsman, take
Possession of her poor inheritance,
As is the custom of the Hebrew tribes,
I must become his bride. Forbid it Heaven!
Grant, God of Israel, that he may refuse

To act a kinsman's part.—

But hark ! I hear
The distant sound of music, and soft tones
Of virgin voices on the still air float
Melodiously.

Enter NAOMI.

O, dearest mother, what
Mean those delightful strains, that evening hymn
Of joyous damsels, whose soft-tinkling feet
In mystic dance are hitherward advancing ?

NAOMI.

Thy bridegroom comes, with laughing troops of friends,
To bear thee to his home. O, I am blest
Beyond my fondest hopes ;—'tis Boaz himself
That claims thee for his spouse. My evening sun
Shall now go down in brightness and in peace :
Thy happy fate, my kind, my lovely Ruth,
Will shed a glory o'er my parting hour,
And I shall die with pleasure.—Let us in. [*Exeunt.*]

CHORUS OF MAIDENS, (*at a distance.*)

Sweet the amorous nightingale
Chants thy spousal in the vale ;
Rich the radiant planet's light
Gilds thy happy bridal night.

Thus, O Boaz, our timbrels greet thee,
Thus we spread thy path with flowers,
Soon shall come forth thy spouse to meet thee,
Smiling, blushing like the rose ;
Thou shalt lead her to love's bowers,
And on her fair breast repose.

*Enter a Procession of Virgins bearing lamps, who go
into the Cottage of Ruth.*

CHORUS OF MEN, (*at a distance.*)

Happy was the revelry
Of the marriage-banquetting,
When mirth and joyous minstrelsey
Did through thy crouded chambers ring ;
As the richly-mantled wine
Sparkling o'er the vase did shine,
Like the ruby's crimson beam,
Or the amber's yellow gleam,
Or the lip of virgin sweet
With the dew of love replete.

Thy nuptial torches' ruddy glare
Stream like banners on the air ;
And around thy locks dark rings,
Darker than the raven's wings,
Flash the flower-wreathed diadem,
Decked with many a radiant gem.

Speak the chiming cymbals' din,
 Thy approach ; to enter in,
 Where, amid her secret bower,
 Panting waits the blissful hour
 Thy fair bride, adorned for thee
 In her robes of fulgency.
 Cease the bridal song to pour :
 Open thou the cautious door.

*Enter BOAZ, in his nuptial robes, ABIJAH a minstrel
 and seer, with a train of festive companions, bearing
 torches and playing on musical instruments.*

CHORUS OF VIRGINS, (*within.*)

He comes ! the bridegroom draweth near ;
 Let us trim our lamps to meet him :
 Banish every timid fear,
 Lovely bride with downcast eyes,
 As we strike our harps to greet him,
 And drown in music thy fond sighs.

*Boaz goes into the Cottage and leads forth Ruth, closely
 veiled and richly arrayed, followed by Naomi and
 Maidens.*

CHORUS OF YOUTHS AND VIRGINS.

Happy gentile stranger, thou
 In happy hour receivest the vow,

The vow of marriage ; and art led
By thine anointed bridegroom to the nuptial bed.
Veiled, like yonder cloud-girt moon,
Thou thy beauty shroudest from sight ;
But thy treasured charms shall soon
To thy fond lover's ardent gaze appear,
And thou shine forth in all thy radiant light,
As breaks yon planet from her misty sphere,
Flinging o'er vale and mountain, sea and isle,
The soft, sweet splendour of her witching smile.

ABIJAH.

Strike, strike the harp ! the mystic numbers roll
In wild prophetic transports o'er my soul !
A line of mighty kings from thee will spring,
Whose deathless fame through the wide globe shall ring !
Such glories shall thy distant race adorn,
Nations unnumbered, ages yet unborn
Shall in their light rejoice !
I hear a voice
Of awful prophecy aloud proclaim
The long expected infant's wondrous name,
That from thy future progeny shall spring ;
Glad Israel's hope—Messiah !—Heaven's anointed
King !



THE DELUGE.

“ Full many a cubit deep beneath the surge
Lay Athos, and that peak which flouts the sky,
Proud Teneriffe: earth’s massy pillars sunk
With thundering crash beneath th’ Atlantic deep.
Lost was Niphates; lost the Armenian haunt
Of God, that paragon of nature’s wealth,
Fair Paradise; where Eve, espoused late,
Slept upon amaranth’s immortal bloom.

* * * * *

Full forty nights and forty days the rain
Fell unremitted: mountains, rivers, rocks
Sunk in contentious waves.”

Prize Poem, by JOHN ROBERTS, A.M.

THE DELUGE.

“ And the waters prevailed and were increased greatly upon the earth ; and all the high hills, that were under the whole heaven, were covered : and all in whose nostrils was the breath of life, of all that was in the dry land, died.”

Gen. vii.

SCENE.—*The front of a Cavern on the summit of a Mountain.—Tempest.*

ZILLAU, (*alone.*)

STILL, still the hurricano waves along
The darkly dreary sky, winged with the pale
Blue death-flame.—O, how terrible
Is this once beautiful world become ! The heavens
Wont to be bright with sunbeams, radiant dies,
And glowing gems, is filled with darkness, storms,
Loud-howling winds, and ghastly fires, and floods
Down-streaming ceaselessly. The earth, that late
Was one wild garden, fields with dewy flowers
Stained by the morn in her own lovely tints,
Rich woods of cedar, spicy-breathing bowers,
And groves with fruits of gold and purple hung,

Where love and beauty dwelt ; where still were heard
Harmonious sounds of pastoral reed and pipe,
And joyous lays of birds, and fragrant winds
Idling amid the dancing leaves and blooms ;
Cities, with gates and bars, temples and spires,
Palace and tower, and pyramid sublime,
All overthrown, o'erwhelmed, and sunk beneath
The wide-destroying waters, which roll on
With still-increasing swell, making the world
A hideous wreck, a sea without a shore !
And will ye never cease, ye pitiless heavens,
The earth to deluge ?——O, ye dismal clouds,
Still onward do ye roll, and still outpour
Your inexhausted stores of horrid rain.
An ocean floats above us ; and a sea,
Gaining each moment on the highest hills,
Spreads out below.——I see the waters rise
On every side : yon distant mountain top,
So late an island far above the tide,
And filled with shivering wretches famine-clung,
And howling beasts escaped the valley floods,
Is dwindled to a point.—And now that point
Is lost beneath the upward-mounting surge.
My friends are perished ;—all but him I love,
My dear Shallumah, who, through storms and floods,
O'er rocks and precipices, hither bore
Me in his faithful arms : and he, perhaps,
In seeking to obtain for me some food,

Hath perished too by flood or ravenous beast.
Why did I suffer him to quit my arms,
In quest of that which I no longer crave.—
O, I am faint.—Return, my Shallumah;
Return, and let me die in thy embrace.

Enter SHALLUMAH.

SHALLUMAH.

Look up, my dearest Zillah, I have found
Some honeycomb in yonder dripping grove.

ZILLAH.

Alas ! I need it not, my Shallumah.
The eager pangs of hunger now have ceased,
And 'tis in vain to hope that we can 'scape
The general doom denounced.
Why should we wish, then, for a few short hours
Existence to prolong ; and that existence
Replete with nameless miseries ? Look around,
And see if aught on earth remains to tempt
Our longer stay : the ever-weeping sky
The radiant sun hath with its tears put out,
Turned day to night, while night a tenfold gloom
Of horrible darkness wears ! Through the black heavens
The rumbling thunders roll, and lightnings rush
Mid the cloud-fountains hissing, which spout forth
Water and fire in union terrible !

Dost thou not hear the onward-coming surge,
Lifted on high by the wild wrathful winds,
Outrave the tempest ; and the thunder's voice,
Resolved to swallow all things up that live ?
Look where yon lofty mountain stood, and seemed
An island blue, defying storm and wave ;
Thou canst no more its towering height behold,—
'Tis sunk for ever ! The dark flood hath closed,
And o'er the topmost steep curls its white foam ;
While all the hapless creatures that had fled
For safety thither, in its dens and caves
Have laid their bones to whiten !—Look, sweet love,
One universal ocean covers all :
All but this little spot, this mountain top,
This lonely isle, that every moment lessens.
How awfully terrific ! O, how dread
The soul-appalling prospect !——
The flashing billows, far as eye can stretch,
Rolling in foam-clad mountains, us surround
And hasten onward to entomb us here.
Down pour their ceaseless cataracts the black clouds,
With redly glaring lightning half illumed ;
While roar of waters, thunders, drowning beasts,
And shriek and wail of the last remnant left
Of human kind, in deafening discord mix
Most horrible ! O hasten then, kind death,
And to my senses bid such sounds and sights
Be imperceptible.

SHALLUMAH.

And is there, then,

No hope?

ZILLAH.

On the inexorable heavens is written,

“ Despair ! ” in living characters of fire,

“ Despair and die ! ”

SHALLUMAH.

Ha ! see, O maiden pale,

Where yon black thunder-severed clouds commix
Their flame-edged skirts with the huge waves, I view
A buoyant vessel, by the surge upborne

In safety through the tempest.—’Tis the ark,

The ark that Noah built, forewarned by Heaven

Of this destroying deluge.—See, it floats

O’er city-battlement and palace-tower,

Down tumbled in the multitudinous deep,

And o’er the weltering carcasses of those

Who laughed the patriarch’s prophecies to scorn.

O, but for wings, the mighty eagle’s wings,

O’er the wild dashing ocean thee to bear,

And seat thee on that pitchy bark, that tilts

The insolent waves so bravely from its sides.—

It will not be.—And must we, must we die,

My loved, my famished Zillah?

ZILLAH,

Shallumah,
 Had we but listened to yon prophet's tale,
 When he pronounced the doom of all the earth,
 We now, like him and all his favoured race,
 Might have been safely housed in yonder ark;
 And, reckless of the storm, survived the wreck
 Of a dispeopled world. But no; we laughed
 To hear his wild mysterious tales, and threats
 Of vengeance on mankind. Still did we pass
 Our careless hours in revelry and feast,
 And in the moonlight groves so gaily danced
 To the sweet-stringed viol and the harp,
 Till the dark flood descended, and the deep
 Burst its weak prison bars, roaming at large
 In its destructive fulness.—I am cold,
 And faint to death.—Come nearer, Shallumah,
 Close thou mine eyes, and in thy loving arms
 Let me expire.—I hear the storm no more,
 Nor distant howling of the ocean swell.—
 Thy lips are pale and cold.—Come, Shallumah,
 Follow thy Zillah to some fairer world.
 I wait for thee.—Oh!

[Dies.]

SHALLUMAH.

And art thou dead, my Zillah? Cold? quite cold?
 Then art thou happy; for thou feelest no more

The agonies of life. From me is fled
All that of beautiful this dismal waste
Of clamorous waters and loud storms had left.
Weep on, ye heavens, weep for my Zillah's death ;
Weep o'er the victim of your tyrannous rage.
Howl louder yet, ye tempests and rough seas,
That stretch unbounded, shoreless, fathomless ;
Your desolate roar is music now to me.—
The dashing breakers come.—The foamy flood
Hath reached my feet. Mount, mount, ye billowy seas,
And spread your waters far above my head,
Till not a single point of earth appears
From out th' abyss immeasurable !—Hark ! I hear
The voice of spirits on those lightning clouds,
Rejoicing o'er the world's destruction. Joy,
Ye awful agents of avenging fate,
For man, and all his works, are sunk beneath
The universal deluge !—The last sad sounds
Of frail mortality are on my lips :
Entomb me, ye fierce ministers of wrath,
Entomb me with my Zillah in this cave !—
The mountain waves break over me :—I come
My Zillah :—thus with thee I sink amid
The flash and roar of warring elements !

• **Prüfung**

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1952, 1953, 1954, 1955, 1956, 1957, 1958, 1959, 1960, 1961, 1962, 1963, 1964, 1965, 1966, 1967, 1968, 1969, 1970, 1971, 1972, 1973, 1974, 1975, 1976, 1977, 1978, 1979, 1980, 1981, 1982, 1983, 1984, 1985, 1986, 1987, 1988, 1989, 1990, 1991, 1992, 1993, 1994, 1995, 1996, 1997, 1998, 1999, 2000, 2001, 2002, 2003, 2004, 2005, 2006, 2007, 2008, 2009, 2010, 2011, 2012, 2013, 2014, 2015, 2016, 2017, 2018, 2019, 2020, 2021, 2022, 2023, 2024, 2025, 2026, 2027, 2028, 2029, 2030, 2031, 2032, 2033, 2034, 2035, 2036, 2037, 2038, 2039, 2040, 2041, 2042, 2043, 2044, 2045, 2046, 2047, 2048, 2049, 2050, 2051, 2052, 2053, 2054, 2055, 2056, 2057, 2058, 2059, 2060, 2061, 2062, 2063, 2064, 2065, 2066, 2067, 2068, 2069, 2070, 2071, 2072, 2073, 2074, 2075, 2076, 2077, 2078, 2079, 2080, 2081, 2082, 2083, 2084, 2085, 2086, 2087, 2088, 2089, 2090, 2091, 2092, 2093, 2094, 2095, 2096, 2097, 2098, 2099, 2100, 2101, 2102, 2103, 2104, 2105, 2106, 2107, 2108, 2109, 2110, 2111, 2112, 2113, 2114, 2115, 2116, 2117, 2118, 2119, 2120, 2121, 2122, 2123, 2124, 2125, 2126, 2127, 2128, 2129, 2130, 2131, 2132, 2133, 2134, 2135, 2136, 2137, 2138, 2139, 2140, 2141, 2142, 2143, 2144, 2145, 2146, 2147, 2148, 2149, 2150, 2151, 2152, 2153, 2154, 2155, 2156, 2157, 2158, 2159, 2160, 2161, 2162, 2163, 2164, 2165, 2166, 2167, 2168, 2169, 2170, 2171, 2172, 2173, 2174, 2175, 2176, 2177, 2178, 2179, 2180, 2181, 2182, 2183, 2184, 2185, 2186, 2187, 2188, 2189, 2190, 2191, 2192, 2193, 2194, 2195, 2196, 2197, 2198, 2199, 2200, 2201, 2202, 2203, 2204, 2205, 2206, 2207, 2208, 2209, 2210, 2211, 2212, 2213, 2214, 2215, 2216, 2217, 2218, 2219, 2220, 2221, 2222, 2223, 2224, 2225, 2226, 2227, 2228, 2229, 2230, 2231, 2232, 2233, 2234, 2235, 2236, 2237, 2238, 2239, 2240, 2241, 2242, 2243, 2244, 2245, 2246, 2247, 2248, 2249, 2250, 2251, 2252, 2253, 2254, 2255, 2256, 2257, 2258, 2259, 2260, 2261, 2262, 2263, 2264, 2265, 2266, 2267, 2268, 2269, 2270, 2271, 2272, 2273, 2274, 2275, 2276, 2277, 2278, 2279, 2280, 2281, 2282, 2283, 2284, 2285, 2286, 2287, 2288, 2289, 2290, 2291, 2292, 2293, 2294, 2295, 2296, 2297, 2298, 2299, 2300, 2301, 2302, 2303, 2304, 2305, 2306, 2307, 2308, 2309, 2310, 2311, 2312, 2313, 2314, 2315, 2316, 2317, 2318, 2319, 2320, 2321, 2322, 2323, 2324, 2325, 2326, 2327, 2328, 2329, 2330, 2331, 2332, 2333, 2334, 2335, 2336, 2337, 2338, 2339, 2340, 2341, 2342, 2343, 2344, 2345, 2346, 2347, 2348, 2349, 2350, 2351, 2352, 2353, 2354, 2355, 2356, 2357, 2358, 2359, 2360, 2361, 2362, 2363, 2364, 2365, 2366, 2367, 2368, 2369, 2370, 2371, 2372, 2373, 2374, 2375, 2376, 2377, 2378, 2379, 2380, 2381, 2382, 2383, 2384, 2385, 2386, 2387, 2388, 2389, 2390, 2391, 2392, 2393, 2394, 2395, 2396, 2397, 2398, 2399, 2400, 2401, 2402, 2403, 2404, 2405, 2406, 2407, 2408, 2409, 2410, 2411, 2412, 2413, 2414, 2415, 2416, 2417, 2418, 2419, 2420, 2421, 2422, 2423, 2424, 2425, 2426, 2427, 2428, 2429, 2430, 2431, 2432, 2433, 2434, 2435, 2436, 2437, 2438, 2439, 2440, 2441, 2442, 2443, 2444, 2445, 2446, 2447, 2448, 2449, 2450, 2451, 2452, 2453, 2454, 2455, 2456, 2457, 2458, 2459, 2460, 2461, 2462, 2463, 2464, 2465, 2466, 2467, 2468, 2469, 2470, 2471, 2472, 2473, 2474, 2475, 2476, 2477, 2478, 2479, 2480, 2481, 2482, 2483, 2484, 2485, 2486, 2487, 2488, 2489, 2490, 2491, 2492, 2493, 2494, 2495, 2496, 2497, 2498, 2499, 2500, 2501, 2502, 2503, 2504, 2505, 2506, 2507, 2508, 2509, 2510, 2511, 2512, 2513, 2514, 2515, 2516, 2517, 2518, 2519, 2520, 2521, 2522, 2523, 2524, 2525, 2526, 2527, 2528, 2529, 2530, 2531, 2532, 2533, 2534, 2535, 2536, 2537, 2538, 2539, 2540, 2541, 2542, 2543, 2544, 2545, 2546, 2547, 2548, 2549, 2550, 2551, 2552, 2553, 2554, 2555, 2556, 2557, 2558, 2559, 2560, 2561, 2562, 2563, 2564, 2565, 2566, 2567, 2568, 2569, 2570, 2571, 2572, 2573, 2574, 2575, 2576, 2577, 2578, 2579, 2580, 2581, 2582, 2583, 2584, 2585, 2586, 2587, 2588, 2589, 2590, 2591, 2592, 2593, 2594, 2595, 2596, 2597, 2598, 2599, 2600, 2601, 2602, 2603, 2604, 2605, 2606, 2607, 2608, 2609, 2610, 2611, 2612, 2613, 2614, 2615, 2616, 2617, 2618, 2619, 2620, 2621, 2622, 2623, 2624, 2625, 2626, 2627, 2628, 2629, 2630, 2631, 2632, 2633, 26

ABSALOM.

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Abstracts of the papers presented at the 1997 Annual Meeting of the American Psychological Association, Washington, DC, August 2-6, 1997.

1. *Chlorophyll a* and *Chlorophyll b* content of the leaves was determined by the method of Arar and Johnson (1977).

... and the said no war was declared.

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5. (a) $\frac{1}{2} \ln 2$ (b) $\frac{1}{2} \ln 2$ (c) $\frac{1}{2} \ln 2$ (d) $\frac{1}{2} \ln 2$ (e) $\frac{1}{2} \ln 2$

10. *Chrysomelidae*

**" There is a God,
Stranger, that rules this ball !
—————The piercing cry
Of blood hath pealed around th' eternal throne ?
And shall it peal in vain ?" CARRINGTON.**

**" O our lives' sweetness !
That with the pain of death we'd hourly die,
Rather than die at once !"
SHAKESPEARE'S King Lear.**

**" Heaven is just !
And when the measure of his crimes is full,
Will bare its red right arm, and launch its lightnings.
Till then, ye elements, rest ; and thou, firm earth,
Ope not thy yawning jaws, but let the monster
Stalk his due time on thine affrighted surface.
Yes, let him still go on ; still execute
His savage purposes, and daily make
More widows weep as I do."
MASON'S Elfrida.**

ABSALOM.

"But Absalom sent spies throughout all the tribes of Israel, saying, As soon as ye hear the sound of the trumpet, then ye shall say, Absalom reigneth in Hebron.

"And Absalom rode upon a mule, and the mule went under the thick boughs of a great oak, and his head caught hold of the oak, and he was taken up between the heaven and the earth; and the mule that was under him went away."

II. Samuel.

SCENE I.—*A high place at Hebron.*

ABSALOM.

LET all the priests retire.—I have paid my vow :
The mockery of sacrifice is ended.
My father thinks, good easy man, that I
Came hither only to perform an act
Of pure devotion. But 'twas not for that
I hired fierce steeds caparisoned for war,
And bands of armed men to run before
My battle-chariot. No : I hither came
To win a kingdom, or to fall in fight !

The old man lives too long. 'Tis time that he
Should lay the sceptre down, for abler hands
To wield, and in the tomb with his forefathers
Sleep quietly ; leaving the cares of state
For me to grapple with, and all the pomp
Of an imperial diadem to grace
This form of majesty and spotless beauty.
I cannot wait the slow approach of fate
For an uncertain crown, that other sons
May at his death start up with me to claim.
No : I must snatch it now from off his head,
And hurl him, with his white hairs steeped in blood,
Down from the throne to the sepulchral cave.—
Yet is there something horrid in the thought :
To slay a father,—one so tender too ;
Who when I quitted his fond arms, to stir
Up this deep-laid rebellion through the land,
Did on my forehead plant the holy kiss
Of strong parental love, urging my speed
Back to his palace towers.—

[*Flourish of trumpets, Shouts, &c.*

Those deep-toned shouts,
That trumpet's clang, proclaim me king of Israel :
Its voice sonorous rings the peal of death,
Treason, and murder in a parent's ear !
No matter.—To retract is now too late.—
O, there is something glorious in those sounds,
Those sounds of triumph, that my spirit fill

With th' exulting pride of conquest, fame, dominion,
 And wide-extended power, for which so long
 My soul ambitious sighed. All, all are mine :
 I mount the throne : already do I reign
 A king endiademed !—

What horrid form,
 With locks bedewed in gore, art thou, that comest
 From the dim chambers of the sepulchre,
 This deed of glorious enterprise and fame
 Thus sternly to forbid ?—I know thee, prince :
 Thou art the shadow of my murdered brother,
 Incestuous Amnon. Back, thou hideous phantom,
 Back to the tomb that holds thy fleshless bones ;
 Thy blood is on my hands ; but I must wash
 The stain off with a deeper, deadlier die.
 The sacred drops, fresh welling from the heart
 Of a fond sire dethroned, will turn to whiteness
 These crimson spots of fratricide.—He's gone ;
 And I again do feel ambition's fire,
 Warming my icy veins.

Enter ELISHAMA.

ELISHAMA.

Brother, what mean
 That trumpet's war-notes, that shrill cymbal-clang,
 And loud acclaim of voices jubilant ;
 As though a host the battle-day had won,

Or some gold-sceptred king, with balm-dew'd locks,
By th' inaugural pillar stood in regal pomp,
Amid a shouting nation?

ABSALOM.

Then speakest true :

It is the warlike blast of a proud host,
That goeth in its bannered glory forth
To win the battle-day. That loud acclaim
Of voices jubilant, through all the land
Make known that a new king o'er Israel reigns.

ELISHAMA.

What! is our father dead?

ABSALOM.

Would that he were!

ELISHAMA.

Forbid it Heaven! Who then, my Absalom,
Hath dared usurp the regal diadem
Of sceptred David's line? This sword shall reach
The traitor's heart.

ABSALOM.

Put up thy useless weapon.

No stranger dares from David's regal line
To snatch fair Candan's sceptre, while I wear.

A sword upon my thigh. But our good sire,
Worn out with battles, age, and cares of state,
Is but the feeble shadow of a king;
And high time 'tis that he should be released
From such heart-grieving labours, and dismissed,
After a long, hard day of toil, to rest,
In dreamless slumber.

ELISHAMA.

Why what meanest thou?

ABSALOM.

That Absalom is king!

ELISHAMA.

O, heaven and earth!

And can it be, thou disobedient, that
Thy heart conceives a crime so horrible;
Nay, dares show it to th' astonished world,
As to dethrone thy father, and uplift
Thy parricidal blade against his life?
He who with such affection on thee dote,
As though his heart were in thy life bound up;
He who so late thy bloody rage forgave,
When Amnon fell beneath thy ruthless knife,
And to his arms from exile thee recalled.

ABSALON.

No more of that.—

ELISHAMA.

Ha ! dost thou hate to hear

Thy tale of guilt ? O thou fell fratricide !
Think of that night of banquetting and joy
Amid Baalhazor's harp-resounding halls,
When all the children of thy father's house
Were feasting at thy board ; when enmity,
And dark revenge, and those wild horrid passions
That man to demon turn, seemed banished all ;
When friendship, harmony, and guiltless mirth
Were smiling on each other, and thy roof
Rang with the shout of herdsman, prince, and serf,
With revelry and song ; while merry pipe,
Timbrel, and viol, and soft lute proclaimed
The happy shepherds' shearing ; thou, O chief,
Dark in thy burning wrath didst rise, and fling
The smile of treachery from thy curling lip ;
Then, as young Amnon unsuspectingly
The wine-cup mid his laughing brothers raised,
Thou stabbedst him to the heart,—thou and thy crew
Of murderous menials ! while his spouting veins
Gushed o'er the banquet, till thy horrid bowls
Were with a brother's blood filled to the brim !

ABSALOM.

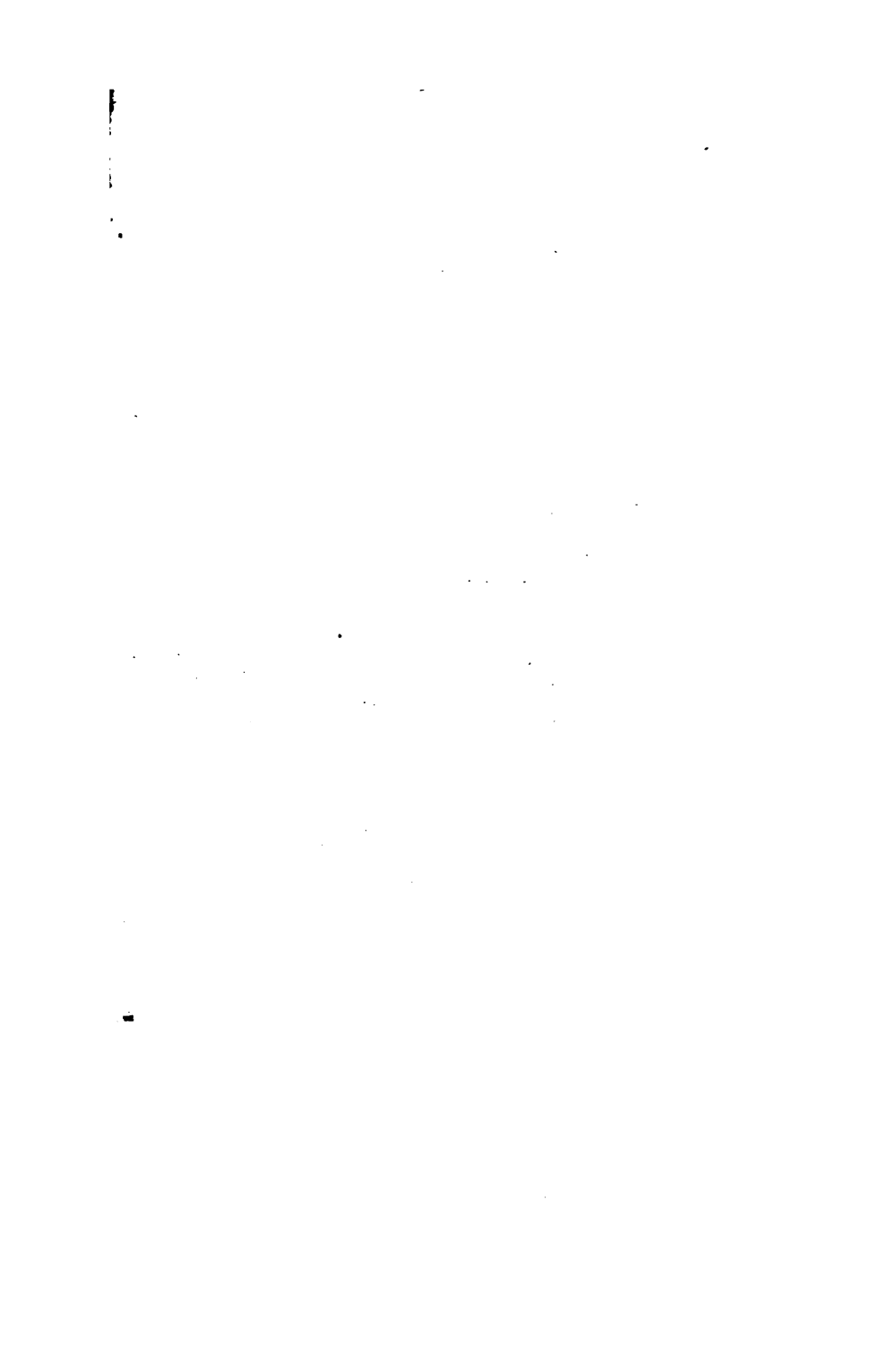
Hence ! fly my power

If thou wouldst have me not that scene again
Act on thyself !

ELISHAMA.

Command not me : command

Thy headstrong passions, thou misguided prince !
Thou wouldst be king—thou, who hast yet to learn
Thy lawless self to govern. I'll not hence,
Nor do I fear thy power. If keen remorse
Prey like a gore-beaked vulture on thy heart,
O think what pangs of conscience will be thine
Shouldst thou dethrone thy father ; deeper plunge
Thy crimson-coloured hand in kindred blood !
Not all the dazzling pomp of royalty,
The blazing sceptre, nor the diadem,
The purple vesture, and the guard of state,
Thrones, palaces, or power unlimited
Will soothe the agonies thy foul rebellion
Shall bring upon thee ! Not the deafening shouts
That rend the clouds of thy triumphant hosts,
Shall drown thy sire's last groans, that in thine ears
Will ring eternally ! While that dread curse,
Denounced by God on disobedient sons,
Must fall resistless on thy latest hour !
I leave thee now : and whilst thou seekest the blood
Of a loved parent, I will haste to guard



• 1910

1. The first of the following

2. The second of the following

3. The third of the following

4. The fourth of the following

5. The fifth of the following

6. The sixth of the following

7. The seventh of the following

8. The eighth of the following

ABSALOM.

9. The ninth of the following

10. The tenth of the following

11. The eleventh of the following

12. The twelfth of the following

13. The thirteenth of the following

14. The fourteenth of the following

15. The fifteenth of the following

16. The sixteenth of the following

17. The seventeenth of the following

18. The eighteenth of the following

Now do I feel indeed a crown-wreathed king,
And glory fearless in this great emprise.

AMITHOPHEL.

Thy father, as I hear, hath his palace fled,
And left Jerusalem ungarrisoned.
Her gates are open to us : on her towers
Shall float thy banners, and in Zion's halls
Shalt thou o'er Israel reign the anointed king.
Call forth a host of twice six thousand men,
And after David and his guards pursue.
Those few faint-hearted bands that follow still
His hopeless fortunes, shall at sight of thy
Brave gallant-bearing ranks drop shield and lance
In fearfulness, and to the mountains fly.
So shalt thou smite the king alone, and all
The willing tribes be thine.

ABSALOM.

Thy counsel well
Doth please mine ear.—And hath the king already
Fled from his palace gates, and kindly left
His throne unguarded for his son to fill ?
Why this is conquest ere a bow is drawn :
A bloodless triumph. Come, thou trusty blade,
Start from thy scabbard forth to glorious day.
Thou shalt with garlands crown me, and my star,
My death-beamed star of victory be, to guide
My steps to Zion's hill.—Ye warriors fling

My fulgent banners on the winds ; bring forth
 My battle-chariots, wrought with sun-bright gems ;
 Deck my proud steeds with wreaths of victory,
 And, in your war-gear clad, before us run,
 Filling the air with shouts and trampet-clang,
 As to our gold-paved seat we mount, and roll
 Our sparkling wheels in rattling thunder on
 To the deserted halls of David's tower.

SCENE II.—*The Gates of Mahanaim.*

DAVID, JOAB, ABISHAI, ITTAL, *Captains, and Army.*

DAVID.

Now pass we forth, my valiant men of war,
 Marshalled in battle array. I've numbered all
 My dauntless sons, and now I'll lead them on,
 As in my days of youthful fire, to meet
 The rebel enemy.

JOAB.

Not so, my king ;
 The people will not have thee risk thy life
 In this day's battle. The fierce-coming foe
 Will not regard of us who falls or flies,

So he can but destroy my gracious lord.
 We have together fought in bloody fields
 Of perilous strife, like brothers, side by side,
 A thousand times against the gentile ranks ;
 And didst thou ever mark my spirit quail,
 Or giant-sinewed arm shrink back, o'ermatched
 In strength, before the proudest enemy ?
 Then to thy hall retire in peace, my lord,
 Ungird thy battle-harness, and to me
 Leave this day's high command.

DAVID.

Well, be it so :

As seemeth best to you, my noble chiefs,
 And ye, my faithful soldiers, I will do.
 But hear, ye captains of my gallant bands ;
 Hear, all ye men of war that pass before me ;
 My solemn charge, and as ye love your king
 Obey the strict behest :—when ye amid
 Th' approaching fight shall meet the daring youth,
 The gallant Absalom, O, for my sake,
 By the affection that ye bear to me,
 I charge you,—by these tears that for him plead
 More strong than words, and tell how dear I hold him—
 Deal gently with my son. O, turn away
 Your angry weapons, and on other crests
 Let your fierce death-blows fall : but be his life

Held sacred in the battle's hottest hour,
As your imploring monarch's !

[*A March, Trumpets, &c.*

O, my soul,

Be not cast down ; hope thou in God alone :
Then shall I wake the harp in Zion's towers,
Again to praise him for his great deliverance.

SCENE III.—*A wild Forest.—Shouts and alarms at a distance.—Absalom appears suspended by the thick clusters of his hair, from the branches of a large oak.*

ABSALOM.

THE battle's lost, and with it all my hopes.
The kingly visions that so brightly shone,
Evanish with my short-lived day of pomp,
And the fierce war-storm with its thunder-roll
Hath swept them all to darkness and despair.
My scattered hosts are fled on every side ;
And I am left amid this tree t' endure,
With lingering horrid pangs, th' accursed death.
Affrighted with the yell of fighting men,
The clash of shields and spears, the mule on which
I from my father's conquering legions fled,
Plunged with me through the forest's thickest shade,

And by those ample locks, my beauty's pride,
That like a banner streamed upon the air,
Was I 'mid these entangling oak-boughs caught.—
The yell of hot pursuit doth fainter grow,
And in the lapses of the wood-blast, I
Can scarcely hear the wailing of the trump.
The evening comes in darkness on apace ;
The tempest-clouds fling out a lurid flame,
That swiftly darts across the forest shades.
The wolf already howls to flesh his jaw
With the rich banquet I've for him prepared.
Perhaps on me his ravenous tooth will fasten,
And I for him shall be a *living* feast;
'Till to my quivering heart he slowly gnaws
His bloody way :—Fate, horrible to thought !
Now do I reap the fruits of guilt and treason,
And disobedience to the laws of heaven.
Remorse, remorse, that fiery serpent, coils
His withering folds around my heart-strings close !
O, could my injured father but behold
His once-loved Absalom hanging here to die,
His heart's compassion would awake ; and he,
Forgetting all my crimes, would to his arms
Take his repentant son, and bid him live.—
I hear a mighty rushing in the forest :
Some steel-girt warrior comes of giant port,
By the deep crashing of the branches rent,
That would oppose his passage. O, I trust

•

Some friend, some brave deliverer's near, with arm
Of strength to set me free.

Enter JOAB, and Warriors.

Ha ! Joab, the chief
Of all my father's host. Then am I lost.

JOAB.

And art thou caught, prince of the traitor bands ?
Thou wouldst be king of Israel with such speed,
That o'er thy father's bleeding corsé the wheels
Of thy blood-garnished chariot thou wouldst drive.
Thou hast achieved the summit of thy fame ;
And art thou not, O mighty Absalom,
With thy exalted station right well pleased ?
Though thou hast not the hard-fought battle won,
Yet are thy brows with garlands thickly bound,
The wreaths triumphant of thy high deservings !

ABSALOM.

Forbear thy bitter taunts, proud warrior, flushed
With victory ; and let thy arm show mercy,
The brightest jewel in a conqueror's crown.

JOAB.

Mercy ! what, and to him who would dethrone

A father! Mercy to a parricide!
And suffer thee, when in my power, t' escape,
And stir up fresh rebellions! Die, base youth!

ABSALOM.

O spare me, spare me for my father's sake!
I with repentant floods of tears will bathe
On bended knees his feet, and never more
Against his fond paternal goodness sin.

JOAB.

Thy death is now the sole atonement prince,
Which thou to justice and thy sire canst make.

ABSALOM.

O let me live, and I will be thy slave!

JOAB.

Die, whining coward! Thus thy blood I spill,
Unworthy of the source from whence it flowed.

[*Joab and his band strike Absalom through with
their darts.*]

So perish all the foemen of the king!
Take down the rebel, and in yonder pit
His carcass cast; and o'er it pile on high
The mound, the monumental mound, of stones.—

Blow ye the trump, and let the war-horn wake
 The echoes of these blood-stained forest shades.
 Sound a retreat, that our victorious host
 No longer may pursue their vanquished brethren.
 Swift-footed Cushi, haste thee hence, and bear
 Glad tidings to the king. Tell him that God
 Hath on our brows the wreath of conquest placed,
 And ample vengeance given him o'er his foes.



SOLOMON'S JUDGMENT.

**" Morning! the enthusiastic harp has swept
Thy praise in glowing numbers! Every age
Has poured the tribute of immortal song
To thee, that darting wide the welcome light
Breakest in beautiful succession round
Th' exulting sphere.—**

*** * * * ***

**The lyre of ages and the hymns of bards
Have welcomed thee, and still the nations hail
With wide acclaim thy birth."**

CARRINGTON'S "Banks of Tamer."

**" Where can I find such beauty? Where such grace,
The soul of beauty? Where such winning charms?
Where such a soft divinity of goodness?
Such faith? such love? such tenderness unequalled?
Such all that Heaven could give?"**

THOMSON'S "Edward and Eleonora."

SOLOMON'S JUDGMENT.

"And Solomon made affinity with Pharaoh, king of Egypt; and took Pharaoh's daughter, and brought her into the city of David.

"And all Israel heard of the judgment which the king had judged; and they feared the king: for they saw that the wisdom of God was in him, to do judgment."

I. Kings, iii.

SCENE I.—*The Royal Gardens.—Morning.*

ZULEIKA, the Queen, (daughter of Pharaoh) MELITA,
and Virgins.

ZULEIKA.

THESE gardens are delightful; and the sun
Tempts with his kiss in yon empurpled fields
Flowers to unfold their beauties, that in hue
And fragrance vie with those the rose-clad banks
OF Nilus yield.—But where is he I love?
Hath not the king, resplendent Solomon,
The wisest of the wise in all the earth,

Drawn back the radiant curtains of his couch,
To meet me in the gardens ?

MELITA.

He hath not,
Great queen, yet risen.

ZULEIKA.

How I joy to meet
The young sun, in his morning pomp arrayed ;
To hear the voice of nature welcome him
With all her richly-varied melody ;
To see him fling aside the crimson clouds,
And shower with kingly prodigality
His light abroad, o'er earth, and sea, and sky :
Yet sweeter far to meet my Solomon,
In all his glory decked, amid these groves
Of spreading palm and cedar ; to behold
His radiant smile these fadeless bowers illumine ;
With him to stray amid these spicy woods,
And mark the light that from his eyelid streams,
Like sunbeams through the evening's azure clouds,
When he of his heart's passion talks to me,
And tells me how he loves.—
Strike, daughters of Solyma, strike the harp ;
Virgins of Zion, let the timbrels sound,
That my beloved may awake, and haste
To meet me where the rich pomegranates spread

Their crimson blossoms to the balmy winds ;
Where we may gather lilies on the marge
Of splashing fountains, and of golden flowers
Fresh diadems enwreath our brows to bind.

CHORUS OF VIRGINS.

Brightly breaks the morning sun
O'er the dewy mists of night,
And through these groves of cinnamon
Darts his resplendent light.
Awake, arise, O Solomon ;
Swift as a roe on Bether's mountains high,
Or trembling harts that from the hunter fly,
Haste to these spicy woods, where streamlets run
With cooling murmurs through the breezy shades,
Or sparkle to th' eternal sun
Amid the cowslip-mantled glades.
Arise, my love, my bridegroom, come away,
The dark and wintry tempests all are fled ;
The turtle pours her love-enchanted lay,
And the amrita-grove upon thy head
Its bright immortal roses waits to shed.
Spring laughs aloud, the bloomy forests ring
With songs of painted minstrels, welcoming
The birth of beauty. In the fig-tree bowers,
That now put forth their tender flowers,
A mossy couch for thee is spread
Of sapphire violets, roses red,

And clustered lilies' opal cups,
Filled with those odoriferous drops,
Those glittering pearls which from her eye
The virgin morn weeps plenteously.
Awake, arise, O Solomon,
Visit these woods of cinnamon.

SEMI-CHORUS.

Daughter of Egypt, queen of Zion's towers,
Who is thy love, thou fairest of the fair ?
Is he with all on earth above compare,
That thou so fondly call'st him to these bowers ?

CHORUS.

When in his fulgent robes bedight,
His form is like famed David's tower,
Where hang a thousand shields of gold—
The armoury of the stout and bold—
That oft have in the blood-stained fight
Opposed the gentile men of might,
And vanquished all their power :
His eyes are like the dove's, when he with quivering wings
Beside the river his soft love-tale sings ;
Or like the azure star that gilds the west,
When the broad, weary sun retires to rest.
His skin is fairer than the lily-flower,
His veins are like the sapphire blue ;
His cheek is the rose of Sharon's bower,

And his lips are the rich carnation's hue,
 When washed in morning's honeydew.
 His raven locks are like the evening cloud
 Hanging its gold-edged folds on the mountain proud ;^k
 His legs are pillars of alabaster, set
 On pedestals of brass : his countenance—
 When anger looks out from his eye,
 Like lightning through a midnight sky—
 Awful as storm-beat Lebanon, when are met
 The lions on its cedar-heights ; from whence
 Their roarings the dim valleys fill,
 While echo answers from her wind-shook hill.

SEMI-CHORUS.

Who cometh from the wilderness so bright,
 Like pillars of pure flame, with fragrant cloud
 Of smoking frankincense, that half their light
 In duskiness obscurely doth enshroud ?

CHORUS.

It is king Solomon, of wide renown,
 Whose midnight watch the mighty keep,
 Around whose bed of tissued gold,
 Are ranged in radiant arms the bold ;
 And through that burning ring, where warriors frown,
 Nor fear, nor danger, dare molest his happy sleep.
 Daughters of Zion, haste to meet the king
 With song and tabret, dance and tuneful string.

His regal car is paved with love for you,
Its covering is of purple and of blue :
Its silver pillars, hung with spear and shield,
A dreadful bickering in the sunbeams yield ;
Its wheels of polished gold flash from afar,
And on his head the bridal diadem,
Bedropped with pearl, and flower, and orient gem,
Outshines the radiance of the evening star !¹

Enter SOLOMON, (attended).

SOLOMON.

Where art thou, my beloved, fair Zion's queen ?
O, let me hear thy voice, for it is sweet
As music of the moonlight nightingales
On Jordan's reedy banks. Let me behold
Thy peerless face, for I am sick with love !
O thou art she, that in her beauty looks
Radiant as the young golden-fingered morn,
When on mount Pisgah she uplifts her eye,
And strews the sky with roses : fairer than
The moon, when in the fulness of her beams
She from her cloud-bower walks o'er Carmel's hill ;
Bright as the sun forth going in his strength,
And moves majestic as a host in arms
With blazing banners crowned. Thy form is like
The stately palm, when on the wanton breeze
Gracefully wave its branches : thy white breasts
Like full-ripe clusters of the amber grape.

Thy cheek is a sweet bed of spicy flowers
On Carmel's pleasant mountain ; thy soft lips
Like the red cherry, dropping balmy dew.
O come with me ;
Look from Amana's top o'er the green vales
Of my fair kingdom ; from the leopards' hills
Behold the land of promise.—Then we'll stray
Amid these saffron meads and groves of myrrh,
And aloe-bowers and trees of frankincense,
Till the bright noon be passed. The peacock-bird
Shall with his emerald dies and star-wrought plumes
Thy bower adorn, and birds of paradise
Their golden wings wave o'er thee ; while the queen
Of woodland choristers all day to thee
Her vesper-hymn shall warble.

ZULEIKA.

Yes, beloved,

Amid these shady woods of melody
And fields of brightest gold-flowers we will stray,
Where the soft west winds steal their richest sweets,
And rainbow butterflies on purple wings
Delight the beauties of the flowers to rival.
We'll visit the blue fountains, gushing forth
From rocks of Alabaster, and those groves
O' Arabian trees that fill the air with odours,
And gather fresh-blown garlands. Then at noon
We'll in some porphyry grotto, myrtle-fringed,
With the gold-dust of Ethiopia strewed,

Repose, secure from noon's unclouded blaze ;
And the red coral rock, with roses spread,
Shall be our couch of love.—

There will we lie, and listen to the chime
Of tuneful waterfalls, that roll away
Their 'sheeted silver in eternal music,
Mixed with the voice of musky winds at play
With the magnolia's blossoms.

SOLOMON.

Ay, and then,

My beautiful, from amber vases we,
And jewelled cups of Ophirëan gold,
The sparkling wines from Persia's far-famed realms
We'll quaff deliciously. Virgins, with feet
Light as the youthful muskroe's, and sweet eyes
Blue as yon heaven, through which the soul of love
Looks laughing like the sunbeams, shall the milk
Of the spring cocoa and the palm-tree's juice,
The spicy melon, the pomegranate's fruit,
The luscious tears the sycamore doth weep,
Rich orange dew and syrup of the date,
The golden pine-apple, th' empurpled plum,
The nectar-flowing grape, and every fruit
From every clime and région, bring before us ;
While Salem's daughters shall the harp and lute
Touch languishingly, and their voices lift
Love-canticles, filling the redolent air
With soft enchantment.

Enter AHINADAB.

AHINADAB.

Light of Israel's sons,
Brightness of wisdom, that o'er all the earth
Spreads its celestial glory ;—hear my voice,
O king, and live for ever ! There are now
Two clamorous women in the judgment porch,
Calling on thee for justice. Wilt thou deign
To hear their earnest suit ?

SOLOMON.

Ahinadab,
My princely son of Iddo, I will hear
Their cause right speedily. Go and prepare
The throne of judgment for my coming.—God
Forbid I should one hour delay to hear
My people's supplications, and dispense
That judgment he directs. *[Exit Ahinadab.]*

My loved Zuleika,
Yet I awhile must leave thee.—Virgins of Jerusalem,
Soothe her till my return to these loved bowers.—
Daughters of music, wake the flower-wreathed harp,
And in her ear the softest, sweetest, strains
Of spirits cherubic breathe. Ye birds that haunt
These orange groves, ye winds and waters, join
The love-tuned lute of Zion's beauteous maids.

SCENE II.—*The Hall of Judgment.*

SOLOMON on his Throne of ivory.—*A guard of Warriors.—AHINADAB and AMAZAH with the Sword of Justice.—RABBAH and ZOBATH, one with a dead, and the other a living Child, standing in front of the Throne.*

RABBAH.

HEARKEN, O king, on whom the wisdom dwells
Of God himself, and mayst thou ever live !
I and this woman in one house abode
As friends, alone. No strangers visited
Our humble home ; and we two lovely boys
Brought forth almost together. Tenderly
These babes by us were nursed ; and they grew up
Like twin-kids of the flock. But O, my lord,
Two nights ago this hapless babe that lies
Cold in my arms, was by its mother pressed
Unconsciously to death. At the dark hour
Of midnight Zobath rose, and finding that
Her ill-starred boy was dead, she crept to where
I stretched my weary limbs in slumberous rest,
And softly from my bosom as it slept,
Close nestled like a callow bird beneath
Its parent's fostering wing, my child did steal,
Placing her own dead infant on this breast :
But when I rose at dawning of the day,
I soon perceived the child, that in my arms

Lay motionless and silent, was not mine.

ZOBATH.

'Tis false, O king, which she hath told. This child
Of life and beauty in these arms, that springs
So readily to meet its mother's kiss,
Is mine.

RABBAH.

Pity, renowned prince of peace,
The anguish of a mother, who beholds
Her dear, her only child torn from her arms :
Who for yon lovely babe that blest her eyes
With smiles and rosy beauty, and whose lips
The lacteal streams from her fond bosom drained,
As rapturously she pressed him to her heart,
Hath now another's death-cold infant thrust
Enforcedly upon her. Give me my child !
O, how he stretches out his little hands,
And smiles upon me. Give him, give him back,
Thou false and treacherous Zobath !

ZOBATH.

Give him to thee ! No we will never part !
Shall I my son give up, and to these arms
Take thy pale lifeless brat ?

RABBAH.

O, let me not

Behold my infant, for whom I endured
Such pangs of child-birth, whom so tenderly
I've cherished with a mother's fondest hopes,
Become an alien to me. Let me not,
Thou far-famed king of Israel, see him nursed
On that base woman's lap, who vilely stole
Him from my sleeping arms.

SOLOMON.

Elders and chiefs

Renowned of Israel, how can I decide
The strange distracting claims to yonder child.—
The sword the rightful mother's love shall prove,
And demonstrate the justice of my throne.—
Draw, Amazah, the flaming brand that guards
The judgment-seat : advance, and seize yon child,
Yon living child, and cleave it to the chine.
Then to those women each a bloody part
Give, to appease their clamours.

RABBAH.

O, my lord,

In mercy, mercy, spare the lovely boy !
Thus on my knees I do beseech thee, bid
The executioner of wrath put up
His deadly-gleaming weapon, or on me
Let fall its horrid edge, that I may not
Behold the death-pangs of my slaughtered child !

O, thou dost hurt him with thine iron grasp,
Thou stern and bloody man ! Thy looks do fright
The trembling innocent ! O spare him ! spare him !—
Take pity on my tears : compassionate
The agonies I for my child endure.—
Give back, O king, give back the guiltless babe
To her who claims him ! To that ruthless woman
I yield him up, a mother's title quit,
And to her arms my boy-resign for ever.

ZOBATH.

Heed not her words,
Thou king of Israel. Deathsman, do thy work !—
Divide the boy with thy uplifted faulchion :
Be half of him but mine, and I'm content.
Why should a living son be hers, when mine (*Aside.*)
Must sleep i' th' hopeless grave ?

SOLOMON.

Hold ! slay him not.
Put up thy dreadful sword, and give the boy
Back, Amazah, in safety to her arms,
Who with a real mother's anguish pleads
So strongly for his life.—She who, to save
Her innocent from the sword, would with him part,
And yield him to a cruel stranger's care,
Is the true mother of the living boy.

[*The people shout applause.*]

AHINADAB.

Great is the knowledge Heaven to thee hath given,
O Solomon! The radiant robe of wisdom
Is fallen upon thy shoulders; in her light
Thou'rt clothed refulgently. Thy wide renown
Through all the earth shall spread!

As flocks and herds

Haste to the shady fountain's gushing streams,
When suns unclouded scorch the summer fields,
Their raging thirst with ample draughts to quench,
So from the east and west to Zion's towers
Magi and prophets, kings and priests, shall crowd
To hear thy voice of eloquence; and learn
The words of wisdom that thy lips let fall,
Like honey dropping from the luscious comb.

SOLOMON.

Hearken, O Israel, listen to my theme,
Ere from the hall of judgment ye withdraw,
And I will speak of her you so admire:—
Wisdom shall lift on high her dulcet voice,
And in the assembly of her people glory:
Mid seraph choirs before the Almighty's throne
And in the presence of his dreadful power
Shall she be heard triumphant.

From the mouth

Of the Most High I came, and, as an orb
Of beautiful radiance, shed o'er all the earth

Resplendency divine. I dwell amid
 Th' eternal skies, where bloom th' unfading bowers
 Of blessedness and immortality.
 My throne is the burning pillar of a cloud,
 Illumed with sun-like splendors. Alone I walked
 Th' unmeasured circuit of the deep-blue heavens,
 And numbered all the flaming stars of light.
 I visited the dark abyss beneath,
 And viewed the riches of the ocean-gulpha,
 Unfathomable to mortals. I obtained
 In every realm and nation an abode,
 And sought repose from wandering. Then did He,
 Who formed the universe, who me created,
 My tabernacle fix in Judah's land,
 And bade my dwelling-place in Zion be,
 In David's shielded halls of regal power.
 He formed me ere the sun from darkness sprang,
 Or flung his robe of light o'er the dim globe :
 From the beginning He created me,
 And I shall with Eternity abide.
 I served before him in the Holy-place,
 Where o'er the cherubim His presence sheds
 Unutterable glory.—Thus I reigned
 In Zion's towers, and o'er Jerusalem,
 Beloved city, my bright sceptre stretched.—
 In th' inheritance of Jehovah I took root,
 And flourished into eminence and beauty.
 As a vast cedar on famed Lebanon,

Towering in verdant majesty I rose,
And lofty as a cypress-tree that crowns
Hermon's fair mountains, in my pride I stood
Or like Engaddi's giant palm, that flings
Its freshly waving branches on the winds,
Perfuming them with odours. I put forth
My blossoms like the richly-blowing rose,
That spreads its redolence on the green plains
Of Jericho, and o'er the sedgy banks
Of Jordan languishingly leans to gaze
On its reflected beauty. As an olive
Amidst a pleasant field, or plane-tree high,
That o'er the river shoots its branches forth,
Was I exalted. Like the cinnamon,
And Gilead's balm, I yielded fragrancy,
Sweet as the clouds of frankincense that float
Around the mercy-seat. My boughs are filled
With flowers of glory and immortal love ;
And my rich blossoms are the embryo buds
Of wealth, eternal honour, and renown !—
Come, and beneath my outspread foliage live ;
Taste of my fruit, and pluck my roseate flowers :
My fruit is sweeter than the comb of bees,
My bloom a more delightful perfume breathes
Than the delicious groves of Araby.
But he that drinks the heavenly wine I yield,
Shall still be thirsty ; still desire to quaff
Fresh draughts of bliss. He that obeyeth me

Shall never wear the crimson blush of shame ;
 Who follows where I lead, shall gather flowers,
 Nor fear the goading thorns of sin and care.
 My sacred lore in God's high records stands,
 A rich inheritance for Jacob's sons,
 E'en to the end of time.

Wisdom doth fill

Th' expanding soul, like Pishon's mighty stream :
 With understanding make the spirit glad,
 Like proud Euphrates, when his sea-broad waves
 Deluge the thirsty fields ; or Jordan's flood
 When spring-tide suns the snows of Lebanon
 Melt in their glory.—From her star-bright eye
 The beams of science and instruction dart,
 Blessing the mind with knowledge, as the streams
 Of the great river visit Egypt's realms,
 Filling the land with plenty ; as the rays
 Of the warm sun on Gihon's vineyards rest
 In the glad days of vintage. Not the first
 Of men who lived in Eden's happy bowers,
 Could reach her high perfection ; nor the last
 That dwells on earth, her unknown depths shall fathom :
 For her vast thoughts are broader than the sky,
 Wider than ocean, deeper than th' abyss.
 Like a small rivulet from its fountains welled
 With wild meanders, through the rose-clad fields
 Of paradise, o'er sands of gold, and pearls,
 And ruby rocks, and amaranthine flowers,

I roamed, soft music murmuring in the shades,
And watered every aromatic grove
And towering plant of beauty, till my brook
O'erflowed its margin, and became a flood,—
That flood outswelling to a mighty ocean !
For as the morn breaks o'er the empurpled hills,
Chasing the shadows, so from me shall flow
Divine instruction in a flood of light ;
And I my blessings on the earth will shower
In rich variety ; my gifts bequeath
E'en to all generations ! He who seeks
Of me shall find, and from my hand receive
Riches, and glory, and immortality !

THE
PHŒNICIAN FUGITIVES.

" This savage life were hard to brooke, if hope no comfort
gave ;

But I (whose life from tyrant's wrath God's providence will
save)

Do take in worth this misery, as penance for my mys,
Stil fed with hope to chaunge this state, when God's good
pleasure is.

A hollow cave for house and bed in worth Andnigio takes,
Such sorie foode as fortune sends, he byldome nowe forsakes.
I am myself, forsoothe, nowe butcher, cooke, cater, and all ;
Yea, often tymes I fall to sleepe with none, or supper small.
Then in my denne I call to mind the lyfe I lyv'de in blisse,
And, by the want, I freedome judge the greatest joye that is."

The Historie of Promos and Cassandra.

Actus IV. Scena I.

THE PHŒNICIAN FUGITIVES.

The following Scene was written under an impression that some of the Canaanites, who fled from the conquering arms of Joshua, might have reached the island of *Ogygia Melite*, or, according to the Saracens, *Malta*, as well as on the opposite coast of Africa.^m

SCENE.—*A Grave in the front of a rocky Cavern in Malta.*

JAPHIA, ADONA.

ADONA.

WHY does my dear-loved Japhia wear that brow
Of discontent and sorrow ? Are we not
Safe from that cloud-led foe of dreadful might,
Whose wide-extermimating sword ne'er spared
Nor hoary age nor childhood, beauty, youth,
Valour, nor godlike wisdom ? And have we not
Safely escaped from all the winds and storms
That howled across the vast and perilous deep,
When the wild mountainous surge our little barque

Tossed to and fro from liquid hill to hill ?
O, how I shuddered, as I on the deck,
Sunk in the bosom of some ocean vale,
Beheld, like Lebanon, the sea's proud swell,
Driven by th' unruly storm, come roaring on,
As if to bury us in the measureless flood
A thousand fathoms low ! But here, sweet love,
Dwell peace and smiling pleasure. Here, no more
The dreadful rumour of invading foes,
Led by strange gods in clouds of lightning hid ;
Of rivers in their overflowing course
Miraculously standing still, to let
Their hosts terrific pass ; of palace towers
And city walls down tumbling at the sound
Of their enchanted war-horn, magic trump,
And shout-uplifting voice ; and of the sun,
That glorious god to whom we bow in worship,
Checking in the mid-heavens his steeds of flame
At their great leader's bidding, till his sword,
Drunk with the nation's blood, had made an end
Of all his numerous foes, assail our ears,
Nor fright us from our quiet cavern-home
Amid these orange groves.—Come, hang thy sword
On the sweet-blossoming myrtle boughs, and pluck
With me a garland of those daffodils,
That on this blue and sparkling fountain drink
The sunbow's pearly tears.—
And I will weave for my loved hero's brow

A golden diadem, unmixed with thorns
Of care or grief : then take my sounding harp,
And on that bank, with purple roses showered
That richer fragrance yield than those which wreath
The urn of Nilus, to its silver strings
The song of thy famed bravery rehearse,
When fell beneath thy sword the giant son
Of Arba's mighty line.

JAPHIA.

Nay, weave no more
For me the lily-garland, nor the branch,
The laurel-branch, of high renown ; nor fling
Thy alabaster hand across the strings
Of thy melodious harp, to wake the song
Of victory and gladness. Hang, Adona,
My sweet Adona, on those willow boughs,
That o'er the weeping fountain sadly droop,
Thy magic instrument of powerful sounds ;
There let no hand awake its notes of fire,
Save the wild midnight winds as through the leaves
They sob lamentingly, and round these brows
Bind the dark cypress-wreath of lasting wo.
For what is fame to me ? Renown is lost !
My glory, like the sun-departed pomp
Of evening into darkness, faded all !
Not one remains to speak of my brave deeds,
Or wake for me the harp in Canaan's halls !

My country is no more ; my kindred lie
Beneath the ruins of her smoking towers,
With all her youth and beauty, strength and might,
Cold in their blood,—the hovering vulture's prey !

ADONA.

Not all,—for thou and I, my lord, my life,
From perils of the sword, the fire and flood,
Have happily escaped ; and sure the gods
To one of the green islands of the blest
Did guide our little barque. Forget the past
In th' embrace of thy beloved Adona's arms ;
And let this kiss fall on thy red-rose lips,
Like dewy moonlight on the day-scorched flowers,
Imparting life and fragrance. Sweet my lord,
When hanging on thy bosom I forget
My country, friends, and all I left behind.
I see not, with his blood-red shield and lance,
The proud destroyer, through my kindred dear
Hewing his corse-strewn way ; nor the fierce flames
That rose above my city's falling towers,
As thou didst bear me to the ocean strand :
Nor do I view the flashing of the surge,
Nor thunder of the heaving billows hear,
Or howl of tempest winds, when thou art by,
(Though in my pillow dreams they haunt me still;)
For thou, so like a god the vision fills
Of these fond waking eyes, and from my ears

The deep-toned music of thy voice shuts out
All harsh discordant sounds, filling my heart
With gentle transport.

JAPHIA.

Beautiful Adona,
But for thy sweet society and smiles,
I were the saddest wretch beneath the heavens.
Thy loveliness shines on my solitude,
And the stern sorrows of my rugged fate
Like rosy-mantled morning's ruby light
Flung o'er the dreary desert's shaggy rocks.
I will forget the failure of my arm
On that wild battle-day, when the fierce gods
Fought for our foemen on Beth-horon's plain,
Lightning-begirt, and from their radiant files
Hurled thunder-bolts and ice-rocks strangely mixed,
Beating our stoutest warriors to the ground.
I will forget,—at least I'll try, Adona,
The glory my deep-gashing brand hath won ;
Forget my country, kindred,—all—but thee.

ADONA.

My own loved Japhia,—we shall be so happy ;
No jealous cares shall here our peace molest,
And in each other we possess more wealth
Than all the world beside.—
Rosy with midnight banquetting amid

The gem-wrought palaces of ocean-gods,
See, in transcendent splendours clad, the sun
Emerges from the deep ;—the purple wave
Is burning in his radiance. Let us bow
In adoration down, and offer these
Fresh morn-awakened flowers.

JAPHIA.

O, I could hurl

My curses in the false sun's hateful face,
And wish his radiance quenched in endless night !
Shall he be worshipped, who at the command
Of that destroyer of his worshippers
Stood still amid the heavens, to witness our
Disastrous flight, and aid Phœnicia's foes,
Flinging a double day e'er the red field
Of universal slaughter ?—Shall I bow
To thee, O sun, who mad'st thy beams a torch
To light the fell subduer to his work
Of death and desolation, and his pride
Of conquest crowned with a far prouder glory
Than this world's proudest conqueror e'er could boast
In victory's brightest hour ! No more will I
Bow down at thy fair rising, nor when sinks
From crimson-mantled evening's gorgeous sky
Thy farewell ray, will I to thee my hand
In homage lift. Scarf up thy garish beams
In thunder-clouds ; I hate their splendour : they

Have lighted all our house to death's dim cave !
Had I the wizard power, I would with spells
And maledictions dreadful to be heard
Swathe thee about with everlasting night,
And bid the world reel on its dismal course
In utter darkness !

ADONA.

Nay, curse not the sun,
My noble chief ; 'twas some superior god
Who 'twixt his fiery courses and the west
Revealed himself, and struck them still with fear.—
But sure on this fair isle the prince of day,—
As if he reconciliation sought with thee,—
Looks ever gracious ; and with richest flowers
Arrays the woodlands and soft valleys green.
Then take thy merlin and unerring bow,
And hie thee to the groves and sunlight cliffs ;
Thy noble falcon, towering eagle-heights,
Will bring down the strong crane, and every bird
That haunt these surge-smote shores. Thou wilt have
sport,
Delightful sport, to cheer thy heavy heart :
And when at twilight hour thou to these arms
Gaily returnest, I will for thee prepare
A rich refection worthy of the gods
Amid our grot, o'er which the wealthy vine
Invitingly its purple clusters spreads.

Our cavern shall be rich with various fruits,
And with the double rose-flower redolent
As those delicious bowers on the green banks
Of Syrian Thamuz, where Astarté* met
Her forest-boy in secret. Then my harp
I'll tune, and at the moon-enlightened door
Of our sweet home, the vesper-hymn thou lovest
To Dian, beauteous queen of heaven, awake,
Winning the rock-born echoes to prolong
The sacred strains, while her soft shadowy light
In silvery lines of quivering glory streams
Across yon heaving billows.

JAPHIA.

Adieu till eve ;
Transient divorce from thee makes tenfold sweet
Thy blest society. [Exit.

ADONA.

What princely grace
And majesty combined dwell in the form
Of my loved hero ! while to me his eye,
As oft with passionate tears I on his face
Gaze rapturously, is like the splendid beam
Of yonder sun-god visiting the flowers,
And turning with its magic smiles each drop

* Venus among the Phenicians.

They for his absence wept to radiant gems !
The sun ascends in glory : I will strike
My harp in honour of his beauteous rising.—
Eternal orb, fount of refulgence, hail !
Thy everlasting path is in the heavens,
With measureless excess all other stars
Outshining, stars whose light in thine expires ;
Whose beams, but for thy friendly absence, ne'er
Our distant world had reached. At thy approach
Darkness and night, with their grim phantom bands
And fearful shapes, speed to their caves below,
Amid the great sea's vast and unknown depths ;
The kindling skies fling off their dismal garb
Of murky shadows and black cheerless mists,
And don their robes of many-coloured woof ;
While o'er thy path the queen o' th' morning flings
Celestial rose, and gold, and beamy gem.
To greet thy coming, nature wakes full loud
Her anthem peal of myriad voices blent ;
Waters, and winds, and birds, and beasts unite
With man in one wild universal hymn,
To hail thy rising in the flame-clad east.
Nor storm-fraught cloud, nor tempest lightning-winged,
Stays the bright progress of thy chariot wheels :
Calmly amid the heavens thou still pursuest
Thy course unerringly, when all below
Is wrapt in thunderous gloom ; mountain and vale,
Ocean, and wave-girt isle, and continent,

Thou lookest upon with undiminished ray,
And beauty, light, and life impartest to all !
A thousand ages thou hast seen pass by,
And man, child of a day, beheld, with all
His boasted works, swept down the gulph of time :
Hast viewed his pomp and glory float a wreck,
An undistinguished wreck, on the dark surge
Of cold oblivion. But thou, god of light,
Of all thy beams illumest, art still the same ;
And thy life-giving days shall have no end,
Nor thy unborrowed brightness e'er expire.
Roll onward in thy never-ceasing course,
Prince of the firmament ; the west awaits
Thee to receive in her accustomed pomp
Of nameless hues, where evening still attends
Thy weary steeds to unyoke, and wave aloft
Her misty veil, the signal for her bands
Of varied minstrels to begin the song
That forest, grove, and dewy valley fills
With a rich swell of plaintive harmony,—
Earth's wild Hosanna to thy bright farewell.

THE FAIR AVENGER;

OR,

THE DESTROYER DESTROYED.

AN ACADEMIC DRAMA;

IN FOUR ACTS.

**"To every land
On eagles' wings the bloody tale has flown ;
How on this city, with his ruthless hosts,
The great destroyer came."**

CARRINGTON.

ADVERTISEMENT.

MANY Conductors of respectable Seminaries for youth are often at a loss in selecting a Drama for School-representation, of which all the characters may be sustained by their pupils without awakening any improper ideas in their young minds, or in which the fascinating splendour of false colouring is not thrown over the deformities of passion; while such pieces as are perfectly innocent, are in general so dull and uninteresting, as to afford little or no pleasure to those friends and relatives, who are eager to witness the attempts of the juvenile essayist in the Histrionic art. As a strictly moral piece, no Parent or Master, it is presumed, can object to *The Fair Avenger*; and that laudable patriotism, so strikingly displayed in the history of Judith, renders it peculiarly fitted for scholastic representation. It is also conveniently short; yet not so short as to destroy the interest arising from the plot, or to deprive young amateurs of an opportunity of exercising their declamatory powers.

The tedious objections which many critics of the present day urge against the want of interest in scriptural subjects for Poems or Dramas, because the *dénouement* is previously known, may, with equal propriety, be advanced against every composition whether historical or fictitious ; unless, after having once read a poem or romance, we fling it away for ever. It may be hoped, therefore, that though the title of Judith is familiar to many readers, it will not in its present dramatic form be the less interesting.

CHARACTERS.

ASSYRIANS.

HOLOFERNES, Chief of the Army of Nabuchadonosor.

SANBASSARUS.

*ARBONA, an Arab leader follower of the Camp for
plunder.*

ACHIOR, a Prince of the Ammonites.

ESRAHADON.

BAGÖAS, an Eunuch.

First Soldier.

Second Soldier.

HEBREWS.

OZIAS, Governor of Bethulia.

*CHARMIS, } Elders.
RAPHAIM, }*

First Citizen.

Second Citizen.

Third Citizen.

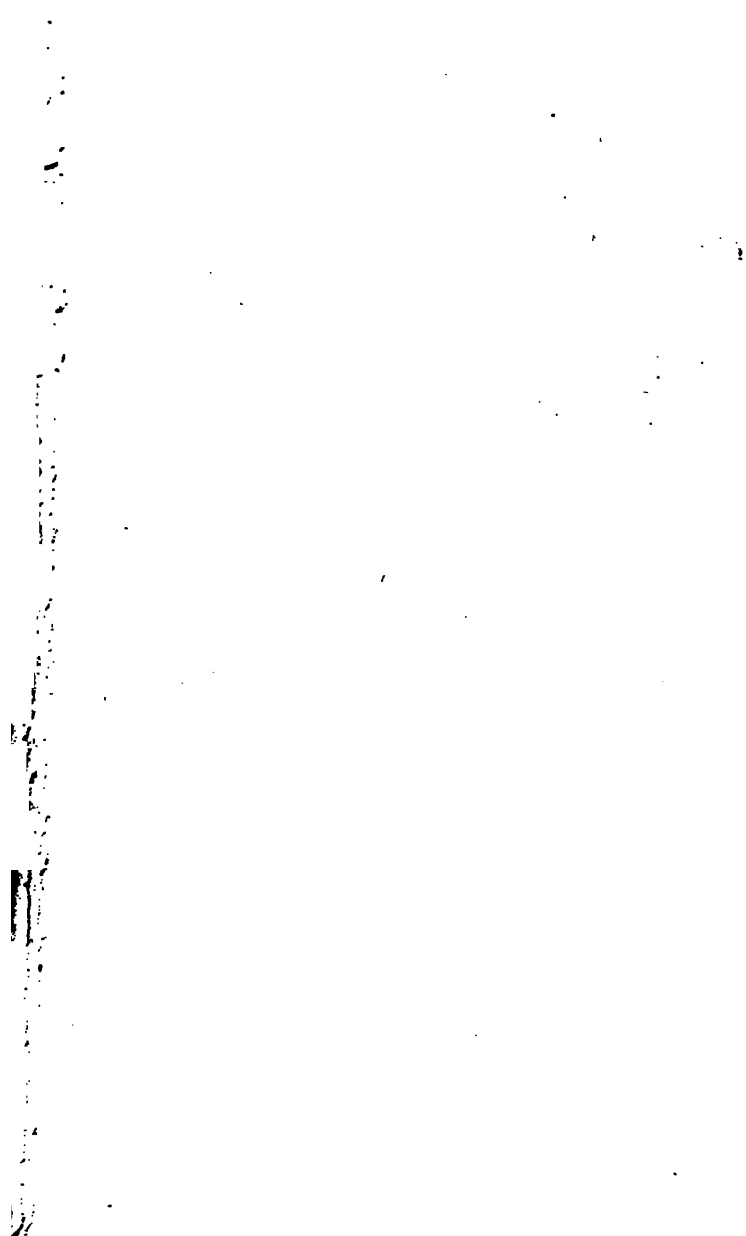
JUDITH.

BASHEMATH.

THIRZA.

Officers, Soldiers, Citizens, and Attendants.

*Scene—Bethulia, and the neighbouring Camp of the
Assyrians.*



THE FAIR AVENGER;

OR,

THE DESTROYER DESTROYED.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*The Grand Pavilion of Holofernes in the Assyrian Camp.*

HOLOFERNES, ACHIOR, ARBONA, ESBRAHADON, SAN-BASSARUS, *Captains and Chiefs of the Army, in Council.*

HOLOFERNES.

THUS far the unnumbered host invincible
Of Nabuchadonosor, mighty god,
Throned in the golden halls of Nineve,
The nations hath subdued: and those who dared
To disobey his high behests, nor joined
His dreadful standard when he overthrew
Arphaxad in the Ragauëan plains
And smote him with his darts, the regal towers

Of Ecbatana razing to the ground,
This arm hath swept from off th' encumbered earth!
The carcasses of Israel's wandering tribes
On the hot desert sands I've scattered wide,
A feast for all the fowls of heaven that follow
Our blood-stained flowing banners. O'er the floods
Of proud Euphrates, I this countless host
Led onward to the noble work of death ;
And all those cities, that on the green banks
Of Arbonai stood in their towered pride,
Laid low in smoking ashes ; spoiled the folds
Of Madian's vagrant race, and burnt up all
Their tents and tabernacles : while those sons
Of their chief men my desolating sword
In pity spared, I made my lowest slaves.

ESRAHADON.

Yes, chief of nations, we have by our arms
Achieved immortal glory.

HOLOFERNES.

She who sat

A queen amid her paradisiac vales,
Damascus famed, on fair Chrysora's stream,
Whose banks with richest rose-bowers, myrtle-groves,
And aromatic woods were sweetly crowned,
Is now no more : her gorgeous towers are dust ;
Flames have consumed her ; desolation sits

Brooding in silence o'er her blackened halls,
That late with minstrelsey and feasting rung ;
And in her palaces the wolf and raven
O' th' blood-drenched corsés of her princely sons
Are grimly banquetting !—
Her harvest-fields the fire hath all consumed ;
Her groves are scorched as with the lightning-blast ;
Her flocks and herds destroyed, and her brave youth
And men of war all fallen beneath our swords !
Then shout, Assyria, and let Nineve
Lift the triumphant song of victory !
Such are the deeds, the fame-achieving deeds,
Of Nabuchadonosor's matchless host ;
At whose approach the nations of the earth
Throw wide their gates, and send their nobles forth,
With song, and dance, and palm, and flowery wreath,
To hail our conquests, and themselves yield up,
With all they have, the slaves of our dominion.

ARBONA.

Author of mighty war-deeds, we have spread
Destruction far around, and bravely won
Innumerable spoils. We have not spared
Nor palaces nor temples, towers or tents,
In search of precious treasure ; and our camp
Is filled with half the riches of the earth !
I in my tents have heaped up gold as dust,
And piled the brightest armoury of kings ;

With needle-work and purple robes of state,
Gem-blazing diadems and sceptres, torn
By this right hand from supplicating chiefs
And princes, whom I trod beneath my feet,
Is my pavilion decked ; where beauteous queens,
My humble captives, wait upon my nod
And in my presence sweetly touch the lute ;
While all the slaves that minister to my pleasure
Are sons of mighty men ! Yet put not up
Thy death-sword, Helofurnes, ere we have won
What yet remains to conquer—

ESRAHADON.

And Arbona
Has satisfied his sordid lust of gold.—
But that can never be.—Though all the wealth
Of the wide earth were heaped around thee high
As Lebanon, yet wouldst thou deeply pine
For the war-gathered spoil of other worlds.

SANBASSARUS.

Perish the earth-born dross, the childish pomp,
The gaudy tinsel of the golden helm,
The purple vestment, and the gem-decked stole,
The grinning crest, the lofty plume purloined
From beast and bird :—I scorn the glittering show
And ornament of war :—'Tis fame, 'tis glory,
That fires my soul, that nerves my unfailing arm,

And spurs me to the field,—the field of blood.
There honour reaps a harvest of renown,
And the bright pomp of immortality
Crowns me with god-like lustre !

HOLOFERNES.

Noble prince,
I have marked thy peerless daring in the fight,
And the great deeds of thy death-dealing arm.
Thy falchion shall not in its scabbard sleep ;
There is fresh work for thee : for I have learnt
The neighbouring mountaineers have taken arms,
And their hill-cities with munition stored,
Bidding defiance to the god I serve.

SANBASSARUS.

Lift thy unfurling banner to the winds,
And bid the trump its battle-summons ring :
My sword shall from its scabbard leap with joy,
And its first death-flash will more welcome be
To my peace-weary soul, than the young beams
Of morn, that call the bridegroom forth to meet
At love's flower-circled shrine the blushing maid.

HOLOFERNES.

Tell me, ye chiefs of Canaan, and ye kings
That dwell beside the ocean's western marge,
Who this strange people is that doth inhabit

H

The mountains of Judea? Who doth sway
O'er them the kingly sceptre of dominion?
Say, are their cities hemmed with rampart-walls,
And fenced with lofty towers and gates of brass?
What is the number of their war-steeds, what
The multitude of their fierce steel-clad riders?
Are all their sword-girt captains men of might
And giant mould, expert to hurl the spear,
And manage well the chariot in the ranks
Of shouting conflict, that they have resolved
Madly to dare me to the bloody fray,
When all the nations of the west beside
That I have spared, have at my footstool bowed,
And he, great Nabuchadonosor, whom I serve,
God of the world proclaimed?

ACHIOR.

Hear me, my lord,
And I, in sooth, the history of this people
To thee will briefly tell.—Their fathers came
From the Chaldæan realms in ages past;
Out-driven from thence, because they would not serve
The gods their sires adored, but worshipped Him
Who made the earth and heaven, the God of gods.
He bade them to depart, and in the land
Of Canaan sojourn, where they were enriched
With gold and silver, numerous flocks and herds;
But when a famine spread throughout the land,

To Egypt's fertile coast their flight they took,
Where by a younger scion of their house,
Wisdom-inspired, and lifted high in power,
They kindly were received, and soon became
A countless multitude, feared by the king,
Who made them abject slaves. Then to their God
Israel for succour cried : He smote with plagues
Most strangely horrible, sad Mizriam's land ;
And on the night of their deliverance, slew
E'en all their first-born sons. Dire was the loud
Lament, that rang through Egypt's midnight realms :
Pharaoh, with vengeance fired, the fugitives
In martial pomp pursued. Then did their God
Divide the Red Sea's surgy swell, to aid
His people's flight ; and all th' Egyptian host
Beneath the flashing billows buried deep,
Whose thunder o'er their loftiest banners rolled.
To Sinai's mountain were the pilgrims led
By a bright day-cloud ; which at eve became
A beauteous pillar of resplendent flame,
That o'er their tents flung its protecting light,
Paling the queen-moon in her midnight path.
Amid that cloud dwelt victory enshrined
In lightning glory, and the wilderness
Was peopled with refulgent seraphim
And spirits of immortality, who fought
Amid the conquering Hebrew ranks, and woke
The desert echoes with their golden harps.

E'en Jordan's stream in its o'erflowing course
Stood still, to let them cross its barrier flood
Into fair Canaan's bourn, their promised rest.—
On that eventful day, which stands renowned
In everlasting records, when their arms
Swept to destruction all Phœnicia's hosts,
The very sun high in the heavens ablaze,
At the command of their great warlike chief
Stood motionless, to yield continued light
Till death triumphantly its bloody work
Had consummated, nor the western wave
Sought at the wonted hour ; while pale the moon
In fear forgot her everlasting urn
To fill with beamy light.

HOLOFERNES.

Why thou dost tell
A strange mysterious tale.

ACHIOR.

It is, my lord,
A tale of truth. The story of this people
Is full of miracle : for whilst they sinned not
Against their God, conquest still crowned their arms,
And plenteousness her superabundant stores
Spread out before them ; but when they forsook
His statutes and adored strange gods, he left
Them to their enemies, before whose swords

They fell in battle, and were captives led
Far into distant regions. Their famed temple,
The richest pile that e'er the morning sun
Gladly enlightened, or his evening beam
Fell purple on, was cast in ruins down,
And all its vessels set with precious gems,
Altars and pillars of refulgent gold,
Became the conqueror's prize. But late are they
From distant lands returned to Salem's towers,
And their magnificent temple have rebuilt ;
While on their native hills they sit once more
In peace amid their vine-bowers. Good my lord,
If in this race of Abraham there be found
Iniquity, then shall our arms prevail,
And they in battle fall before thee, or
Thy willing slaves become : but if, O chief
Of hosts, they have not sinned against their God,
Then pass thou on ; for if HE for them fight,
No human power can stand before His wrath.

HOLOFERNES.

And who art thou, Achior, audacious slave,
Hireling of Ammon, that thou darest, amid
This high divan of princes, prophesy
And counsel us with Israel not to war ?

ACHIOR.

Nay, my lord—

HOLOFERNES.

I'll hear no more of thy perfidious lies !
For who is god but Nebuchadonozor ?
King of the world, he will his power send forth
And sweep them from the earth ! They cannot stand
The onset of our war-steeds, clad in thunder ;
Nor can their gods protect them from the swords
Of our mail-harnessed riders !

ARBONA.

Let him die ;
For he hath uttered treason, blasphemy !

SAMBASSARUS.

Renowned chief, let us our trusty swords
Bathe in his blood ; then cast his carcass forth
To gorge the midnight wolf !

OFFICERS.

Slay him, slay him !
Hew him in pieces, give him to the dogs !

HOLOFERNES.

No : take him, ye my slaves, and bear him hence
To yon hill-country of the Israelites !
Hireling of Ammon, thou my face shalt see
No more till in the battle-day, when I
Will fearful vengeance of this nation take !

Then shall the swords of my triumphant host
Pass through thy sides, and thou shalt with these sons
Of Egypt's slaves perish ignobly! Ha!
Smilest thou in scorn? I have pronounced thy doom,
Nor earth, nor heaven can save thee!

ACHIOR.

If the God
Of Israel fight but on the Hebrew side,
Thy steel-clad multitudes the whirlwind's wing
Shall scatter like the chaff! The thunder-blaze
Shall from the clouds, on which he rides, descend,
And in an instant rush through all their veins!
The hot Simoon at his command shall lay
Thy riders and their steeds for ever low,
And thou, the great destroyer, be destroyed!

[Exit Achior, guarded.]

HOLOFERNES

Audacious liar! Hence, away with him!
Our iron-vested horsemen shall these slaves
Trample to dust! The mountains with their blood
Shall smoke to heaven, and all their fields be choked
With their dead carcasses: for I will root
Their very name for ever from the earth! *[Exit.]*

ARBONA.

O, how I long to reach famed Salem's gates

To sack this new-built city, and my eyes
Feast with its temple splendours! With what joy
Shall I rush on to grasp its precious vessels,
And seize its golden treasures! They shall grace
My sumptuous banquets, and my wine I'll quaff
From out its sacred cups of blazing gems! [Exit.

SANBASSARUS.

O avaricious fool, unworthy thou
To be a soldier! Give me but my steed,
Fleet-footed child of the wild desert sands,
And my good blade of death, that never fails,
I scorn all plunder as I scorn my foe!
Now, then, in right good time we onward move
Again to warfare. O, my element
Is in the battle-swell and blaze of arms;
There on the wings of death I love to sport,
Like the fierce eagle, wrapt in tempest-cloud,
Basking amid the harmless thunder-light!

End of the First Act.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*The Gates of Bethulia.*

OZIAS, RAPHAIM, CHARMIS, and Elders, in Council.

RAPHAIM.

ANCIENTS of Israel, but a little time
Has past, since from captivity the tribes
In joyful hope to Judah's land returned.
Scarce have they tuned to Zion's songs their harps,
That on the willows of Euphrates' stream
In mournful silence hung ; scarce have they reared
The walls and towers of Salem from the ground,
And the ruined temple of our God rebuilt,
When lo, the gentile comes in dire array,
And at our gates his trump again is heard.
His proud steeds' fetlocks in the blood of nations
Are deeply died. Nightly have we beheld,
From these our mountain-ramparts, the red glare
Of harvest fields and far-off cities wrapt
In dreadful conflagration. Now he comes,
The proud destroyer, like the ocean surge
Mantled in storms, to sweep us from the earth.

CHARMIS.

See yonder, and behold ! Like locust-bands

The host of Assur all the land devours.
Their bannered tents and proud pavilions spread
From Dothaim's mount to Belmain's vine-clad plain;
From Cyämon to Eadraclon's tower.
Far as the eye can stretch, I can discern
The flashing in the sun-gleam of their arms :
On every fortress through those regions, float
Their blood-died ensigns. See, the camp pours forth
Its mailed squadrons, filling all the vales
With armour-light. In martial exercise
They rush to mimic combat : far and near
The shock of shields and clanging arms resound.
Beneath their horsemen e'en the mountains sink,
And the hills tremble at their warlike shout.^a

RAPHAÏM.

E'en in the neighbouring valley are the tents
Of Ammon pitched, and the Assyrian bands
Those crystal fountains that supplied our city
With water, have they taken. O, we faint
With burning thirst : our hearts within us sink.
Our cisterns fail ; our matrons and our maids,
And e'en our men of war fall down and die,
For lack of that cool draught the well-spring yields.
The feverish shriek of horrid thirst is heard
From street to street, and wail of gasping infants :
" Give, give us water ! " is the dreadful cry.

OZIAS.

Nay, be not thus despairful, chiefs and elders :
It doth behove us with more fortitude
To endure the ills of war, which in their might
The heathen have brought upon us. On our God
Rely for timely succour ; nor neglect
To arm yourselves with patience, and resist
To the last gasp right manfully the foe.

Enter CITIZENS.

FIRST CITIZEN.

Here is the governor, and I will speak.

SECOND CITIZEN.

And so will I.

THIRD CITIZEN.

So will we all.

FIRST CITIZEN.

Ye chiefs and elders of Bethulia's city,
Ye have brought on us misery and death,
And on our wives and children. Why have ye not
Required peace of Nineve's proud king ?
Why did you not the city gates throw open,
And, like the other nations of the west,
Go forth to meet this overwhelming host

THE FAIR AVENGER ; OR,

song, and dance, and garland ? Heaven be judge
t us and you, ye governors and chiefs :
st, raging thirst devours us : we are all
to anguish and to great destruction sold !

SECOND CITIZEN.

**Deliver up the city for a spoil
To Holofernes and his sword-girt host !
More happy far the captive's bitterest doom,
Than thus with agonizing thirst to die :
Chains, dungeons, flames, are mild to the fierce pain
We now endure.**

THIRD CITIZEN.

**Yield up the city ! fling
The rampart portals open to the foe !**

OTHER CITIZENS.

Yield up the city ! open all the gates !

OZIAS.

**Brethren and friends, be not discouraged thus.
Let us, like men of mettle, nobly bear
But five days longer these fierce plagues of war,
And, clad in terror, Heaven will doubtless sweep
These merciless besiegers from our walls.
Shall He not, as in times of old, remember
His chosen people ? Yet if pass those days,**

And no miraculous deliverance comes,
Then will I to the ruthless foe unbar
The city gates, as ye desire, and share
With you or sad captivity or death.

Enter BASHEMATH.

BASHEMATH.

Hear me, Ozias ; on my bended knees
I cry for mercy ! Hear a raving widow
Entreat a drop of water for her sons,
Gasping in agony their lives away !

OZIAS.

Daughter of Israel, dost thou think that I
Have cooling draughts to quench the calid fever
That riots in my own fierce-boiling veins ?
Beneath the cloudless sun, in brazen mail
I pace all day the embattled walls around ;
And when the watch-fires on our turrets blaze,
I stretch my parched tongue upon the ground
To cool it with the scanty dews of eve.

BASHEMATH.

Not for myself do I now beg one drop,
One precious drop, laved from the gushing fount ;
But for my lovely children. O, for them
I feel ten thousand greater pangs than thirst :

Their dying cries distract a mother's heart !
Let me go forth ; let us the barriers pass,
That keep us in this horrid burning grave.
The dead are all around me, and the shrieks
And wailings of the dying madden me.
Let me bear forth my children to the camp
Of the beleaguering foe : a mother's tears
Will melt the ruthless hearts of the most savage,
And they will let me on the flowery brim
Of the bright-gushing well-spring lay me down
With my sweet boys, their burning brows to bathe.

FIRST CITIZEN.

Then open wide the gates ; we'll all rush out
And drink the fountains up.

CITIZENS.

Open the gates !
Rush on ! Down with the elders, and let in the foe !

Enter JUDITH and THIRZA.

JUDITH.

Hold ! rash misguided men ; nor onward rush
Into the gaping gulph of sure destruction !
To quench the fire that blazes on your hearths
Would ye let in the ocean's roaring surge ?
Is this your valour, ye faint-hearted bands,

That to assuage your thirst ye would be slaves ;
Nay, unresistingly to the keen swords
Of your fell enemies yield up your throats ?
Open your gates, and ye indeed may quench
Your eager drought ; ye will have plenteous streams,
But they shall smoking rivers be of blood,
The heart-blood of your kindred !

FIRST CITIZEN.

Hear her, friends,!

For she is noble, virtuous, and most wise.

JUDITH.

Are we not here the out-posts of our country ?
Our city-ramparts and our mountain-towers
Are the defence of Israel ; and on us
Are fixed the eyes of all the wondering world,
The hopes of all our tribes. Be valiant, then,
And the destroyer scorn, who puts his trust
And glories in his shielded multitudes,
In his renowned lancemen, halberdiers,
And barbed steeds of war.—Why dost thou look,
Woman, so wailful ? When that men turn pale
In the stern hour of danger, it behoves
Our sex to stir up courage in their souls,
Urge them on Heaven for succour to rely,
And aid them in the hour of deadly strife.
Dost thou not know that woman's beauteous smile

Can, like the moon-gleam on the stormy sea,
Fling a bright radiance o'er the gloom of war,
And waken valour in a coward's breast ?

BASHEMATH.

Ah, lady, you have not two lovely sons
Now lying in the agonies of death,
Calling in vain upon you for one drop
Of the cool spring to quench their burning tongues.

JUDITH.

O, I have felt the bitter pang to part
For ever from the babe my womb has borne :
Yet had I now twin infants on my breast,
And that soft fount of love were quite dried up,
My bosom should their death-bed be, ere I
To save them my dearer country would yield up !
Hark ! Heard you not a deep and loud lament,
A supplicating cry of wild distress ?
I hear her voice, Ozias, Israel's voice,
From every corner of Judea's land,
Imploring thee to save from desolation
Her fertile fields, her harvests, and her towns
From the o'erwhelming flames ; to save her sons
And lovely daughters from th' uplifted sword ;
Ay, and preserve her sanctuary safe
From profanation and the spoiler's hand.
And what is this which I have heard thou hast done,

Chief of the city ? Hast thou made an oath
These bulwarks to deliver of our land
Into the power of yon blood-thirsty gentile,
Unless that Heaven miraculous appear
Within five days to save us ?

OZIAS.

Lady, renowned for wisdom as for beauty,
The people, raging with excessive thirst,
Did force us to the promise.

JUDITH.

Remember, chiefs,
If this be done, the slaughter of our brethren,
The desolation of our fair possessions,
The sad captivity of Judah's house,
And terrible destruction of our temple,
Will fall upon *your* heads. And who are ye,
Men of Bethulia, that ye dare to limit
The power of Him who all things rules to time ?
He can defend us from this mighty host,
Till in their camp, with weariness and years
Worn out, they perish : or his angel send,
As through Sennacherib's army once he rode,
On the hot desert's blue-winged blast, and bid
Him smite the smiter ; till not one of all
Yon warrior multitude by morning light
Remain to tell the dismal tale of death.

OZIAS.

O, what a brow of majesty she wears ;
And what rich light breaks from her heaven-blue eye
Illuming the soft beauty of her cheek !
Lady revered, pray for us to our God,
And he will send us water from the clouds,
To fill our empty cisterns.

JUDITH.

Men and chiefs,
Know ye that throughout all fair Judah's land
There is not one of Israel's sons who bows,
As in the days of old, before strange gods,
Or offers sacrifice in idol-groves ?
Then be of courage, and let every man,
Relying on the God of battle, show
A high example of true bravery.
I will myself perform a glorious deed
Of high emprise, that shall through all the earth
My name proclaim to ages everlasting.
Command, Ozias, that the city gates
Be opened to me : I, and this my maid,
Will issue fearless forth into the camp
Of yon fell warrior gentiles ; and within
The days that ye have promised to give up
The city for a spoil, the Lord of Hosts
Shall by this arm a great deliverance send.
Ask not of me the act that I shall do,

For I will not declare it. O, I feel
Prophetic inspiration on me rush;
And an heroic spirit, lifting me
To more than mortal deeds! Darkness and storms
Have hung on Zion's towers; but glory soon
Shall in full splendour o'er the temple burst,
And for the voice of wailing, shall the harp,
The dulcimer, and lute be tuned to joy!
I see the angel of the host of Heaven,
Clad in the glories of the mid-day sun!
His flaming sword shall guard me.—On to victory!

[*Exit.*]

CITIZENS.

Brave Judith!—Heaven protect thee!
Noble Judith! [*They shout and follow her.*]

OZIAS.

Raphaim, and reverend Charmis, did you mark?—
Her spirit, formed of pure heroic fire,
Shone through the beauty of her countenance,
Like morning sun enshrined in rosy clouds
That half reveal their splendour.—Let us on.
Some glorious work this woman will perform.
I'll view her from the city gates descend
To th' Assyrian plunderers' camp.

[*Exeunt Ozias, Raphaim, Charmis, and Elders.*]

BASHMATH.

Sure I have caught
A spark of that heroic widow's spirit.
Her words have fallen upon my passionate grief,
Like sun-light on the ocean's troubled surge
When the wild storm departs.—I will return
Again unto my children.—Who can tell
But, like poor Hagar in the wilderness,
I may behold some angel from the skies
Descend, and, by my fainting children, bid
A fountain fling its cheering streams abroad
In life restoring freshness.—Faith has done
Great wonders : but though faith may fail, I feel
Maternal tenderness can ne'er expire :
And should nor fount nor angel save my sons,
I like the desert pelican will pierce
This tender breast, and with its life-stream slake
The heart-consuming thirst of my loved offspring.

End of the Second Act.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*The outside of the Assyrian Camp.**Enter JUDITH and THIRZA.*

JUDITH.

THE sun goes down in beauty o'er yon hills,
And in those groves the voice of harmony
And love is heard. Sing on, ye guiltless birds,
Unconscious of those horrid woes which men
Inflict upon their brethren.

THIRZA.

What a scene
Of martial pomp, sweet lady, lies before us.
What piles of murderous weapons; what huge tents
Of crimson and of purple, decked with gold.
How their proud banners glitter in the rays
Of the low sun; and what a dazzling glare
Streams from yon cuirassiers and barbed steeds.

[Trumpets at a distance.]

Hark! how the evening trump of these fierce gentiles
Wakes with its voice the echoes of those hills,
Bidding the heavens defiance. Let us return.

I tremble, madam, like the aspen leaf.

JUDITH.

Tremble! weak girl, away with every fear.
What is this mighty host, this stirring camp,
Before th' Omnipotent, in whom we trust?
A nest of toiling pismires. What their shouts
And trumpet sounds? but as the feeble cry
Of evening grasshopper amid the flowers!

Enter SANBASSARUS and Soldiers.

SANBASSARUS.

And who art thou, clad in the pomp of queens,
And with a more than mortal beauty decked,
That comest at twilight hour amid our watch?
Where goest thou, fair lady, and what nation
Claims thee for their bright sovereign?

JUDITH.

Warlike chief,

I am a woman from yon mountain towers
Of the vile Hebrews fled, who by your swords
Are doomed to be destroyed. Come, lead me thou
To the great captain of th' Assyrian host,
And I a way will show to him, by which
He shall the mountain cities all subdue,
Nor lose a warrior of his numerous bands.

SANBASSARUS.

Thou dost in beauty and majestic shape
The damsels of Assyria far surpass ;
And thou, by flying to our camp, hast saved
Thy charms, thy life, from violence and death,
When we shall storm yon towers. Fear not, for I
Will thy protector be, and to the tent
Of our great lord conduct thee through the ranks.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*Before the Pavilion of Holofernes.*

*Enter SANBASSARUS, JUDITH, THIRZA, and a crowd
of Soldiers.*

FIRST SOLDIER.

WHERE is she ? let me see her. Nineve
Boasts not so fair a princess.

SECOND SOLDIER.

Sure she is
Some beauteous goddess, daughter of the sun.
Who would despise these dwellers of the mountains,
Who have among them women so divine ?

SAMBASSARUS.

The chief of Assur comes ; for he hath heard
Of thy arrival.

[*Flourish of Trumpets.*]

*Enter HOLOFERNES, with Attendants bearing lamps
of silver, ESRAHADON, ARBONA, and Officers.—
Judith and Thirza kneel.*

HOLOFERNES.

Rise, lady fair.—

By Nabuchadonosor's golden throne,
Thou art the loveliest maiden that mine eyes
Did ere behold.—Be of good comfort thou,
For none shall harm thee here.

JUDITH.

Chief of mail-clad hosts,

Hear thy poor servant speak the words of truth.—
The fame of thy vast knowledge is gone forth
Through all the wondering earth :
And the achievements of thy conquering arm
In the red battle-field, are the proud theme
Of harping minstrels in remotest lands.
All nations shall bow down before the throne
Of Nabuchadonosor, and his dominion
Extend o'er all creation by thy power.

HOLOFERNES.

Transcendent fair one, from thy lips do flow
The words of wisdom, like the honey-dews
Dropping from morning roses.

JUDITH.

Ammon's chief,
Achior, who now in yonder city dwells,
In thy divan of princes told thee true :
Our nation cannot by the sword be slain,
Nor led into captivity, unless
They sin against their God : and now, that thou
Mayst conquer these thy last and fellest foes,
And triumph o'er fair Zion's sacred towers,
Th' extremities of famine urge them on
To eat forbidden things ; seize the first fruits
Of corn, and wine, and oil, these holy tithes
Of Israel's priesthood ; and do such foul acts,
As on their heads will pluck destruction down,
And hasten thy dread conquest. Knowing this,
I fled yon towers, and Heaven hath sent me here
To do such deeds of glory and renown,
As shall with wonder, fill th' astonished earth.

HOLOFERNES.

Thou lovely creature ! Sure th' eternal fire
Is in thy form enshrined prophetical ;

And from thy soul-enchanting eyes, its beams
Of high intelligence and bravery, flash
With an unearthly glory.

JUDITH.

Prince of warriors,
God, the creator of yon starry host
That decks the blue infinitude of space,
And radiant moon to whom the nations bow
And lift their hands in homage,° day and night
With fervency I serve : 'tis He who fills
My dauntless bosom with heroic fire.—
Here under thy protection will I dwell,
With thy consent at midnight from the camp
Go forth amid the valley shades; and pray
Unto my God beside the murmuring fount :
He will to me reveal when they have sinned
Who dwell in yonder towers, and their dark hour
Of fate is come upon them.' Then will I
Call thee, renowned hero, forth to battle,
And be thy guide to certain victory !
Then shalt thou don thy blazing helm of steel,
Make bare thy crimson sword of death, whose edge
None can resist, and all thy foes destroy !
Yes, I will onward lead thee to the towers
Of famed Jerusalem, and thy sure throne
In the refulgent halls of Zion plant !

SANBASSARUS.

Intrepid woman ! sure not one on earth
In wisdom and in beauty thee can match !

HOLOFERNES.

Her loveliness and magnanimity
With an unbounded passion fills my soul !
She shall be mine, queen of my captive queens ;
And martial bravery win its reward
Of sense-delighting beauty in her arms !
Enchanting maiden, if thou but performest
What thou hast spoken, then shall thy gods be mine,
In Nineve's gold-bannered halls of state
Shalt thou, the peerless queen of love and beauty
And this adoring heart, supremely reign :
I'll lavish on thy rapture-yielding charms
The richest splendours that Arabia boasts,
And thou through all the earth shalt be renowned !
What ho ! Bagöas !

SANBASSARUS.

He comes, my lord.

Enter BAGÖAS.

HOLOFERNES.

Lead thou this damsel of surpassing fairness
Within the proud pavilion of my state.
Let captive queens in silence wait her nod,

And all my slaves attend at her command.
Let for her couch the fairest skins be spread,
The leopard's spotted pride, the silky softness
Of the white mountain-goat ; and o'er her head
A perfumed canopy of purple spread.
And when that she goes forth at midnight-watch,
Her gods t' invoke beside Bethulia's fount,
Ye chieftains, be it known throughout my camp,
That for their lives none dare presume to stay her.

JUDITH.

The spirit of prophecy is on my lips,
Achiever of great deeds : fear not but I
Will act the glorious purpose of my soul,
For which I hither came.—Ages remote,
And distant regions of the east and west,
Shall of thy exterminating conquests hear,
And to the heavens applaud my dauntless arm,
That nobly will reward thy proud exploits.

[Exeunt Judith and Thirza, attended by Bagöas.]

HOLOFERNES.

What mingled beauty, grace, and majesty
Adorn her matchless form ! Blest be the hour
That brought her to my camp.—I shall not rest
Till I have won her to my longing arms.
Come, chieftains, to my tent.

[Exeunt Holofernes, Sanbassarus, and attendants.]

ESRAHADON.

What thinks Arbona

Of this fair Israelite ?

ARBONA.

Think, Esrahadon ?

Why that she is divinity enshrined
In gems and gold, which the ransom would outweigh
Of captive kings. By Nisrock, and the fire
My sires adored,^p I would that she were mine.

ESRAHADON.

And in thine eyes, which holds the higher claim,
The goddess or her shrine ?

ARBONA.

I covet both.

ESRAHADON.

And neither must possess.—So to thy tent
Retire, amid thy heaps of spoil to sleep :
There dream of glorious shapes, doubly divine
By beauty and by gold, clasped in thine arms,
And wake to disappointment, [Exit.

ARBONA.

Let such dull souls as thou art, whom nor gold
Nor beauty fires, go sleep : I have ere morn

Much work to do.—At midnight passes forth
This fair enchantress to Bethulia's fount,
There to invoke the spirits of the woods,
The waters, and the winds, by her spell-bound
To do her pleasure. There the beauteous witch
By the soft light of yon full-orbed moon
I'll meet, and with me to the desert bear,
Where the proud host of Assur ne'er can come.
I'll quit this leader, weary of his camp;
And instantly prepare my bands to scour
On their fleet-footed steeds, with all my wealth,
Across the plain. For this bright Hebrew maid
I will the sacking of Jerusalem
Forego, content with the vast treasure I
In her shall win ;—nay, more, immortal gods,—
Blest with a great revenge on Assur's chief,
For those he on the sanded borders slew
Of my brave nation, never yet subdued.

End of the Third Act.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*The Fountain of Bethulia.—Moonlight.**Enter* JUDITH *and* THIRZA.

JUDITH.

O, WHAT a sweet unbroken stillness reigns
O'er all the extended plain, save the wild song
Of yon night-warbling bird and fountain's voice,
That mingle in mellifluous unison.
The soldier slumbers on his couch of shields
Beside his drowsy war-horse ; while nor sound
Of trump nor steed from yon wide camp is heard.
The watch-fires on those rampart heights of wo
But dimly blaze.—Alas, for my poor country !
Ye dwellers of those hills, what bliss were yours
Could ye but press this fountain's dewy brim,
And drink large draughts of its delicious wave
That wanders, singing to the moonlight flowers
Bordering its mossy banks, by those proud tents,
To bathe our ruthless foemen's helm-worn brows—

THIRZA.

Hark ! lady. Sure I heard some footstep near.

JUDITH.

'Twas but thy fearful fancy ; or those groves,
Woke by the wanton kiss of passing winds,
Shaking their drowsiness off.

O Thou, who reign'st
Lord of the Universe, from thy blest throne
Behold Assyria's potent multitudes,
Who would thy hallowed temple desolate,
And Zion's towers dismantle : who in the strength
Of their fierce war-steeds glory ; and in sling,
In bow, and spear, and shield, and falchion trust,
Nor know that Thou in battle-hour canst lay
Their vaunting ranks in dust !—O, give to me,
A widowed woman, power, supernal power,
To tread down all their pride ; and fearless act
The predetermined purpose of my heart.

Enter ARBONA.

Why who art thou, that at this midnight hour
Darest on my sacred solitude intrude ?

ARBONA.

A prince among Arabia's warlike tribes ;
And I am come to lead thee hence with me,
Far from this treacherous camp. To night we fly,
And thou shalt be my princess : I will guide
The steed that bears thee, fleet as tempest winds,

To the fresh pastures of blest Araby.
A thousand camels and ten thousand sheep
Are mine, and tents and rich pavilions, hung
With gold and gorgeous purple.—

JUDITH.

Hence, weak man ;
I cannot listen to such idle talk.

ARBONA.

Nay, hear me, lady.—Captive queens shall be
Thy beauteous handmaids, and the sons of kings
Thy constant slaves. I have acquired vast hoards
Of plundered treasure : thou shalt be clad in robes
Wrought with the gold of Saba and of Ophir,
A thousand changes : pearls of Havilah,
And radiant jewels from the eastern isles,
With richest perfumes that Arabia yields,
Shall all be thine.—I have no time to waste
In words of love. My stall-fed courser waits
To waft thee hence : he will outstrip in speed
The mountain-loving eagle. Come, away ;
Away for Araby, my maid of beauty !

JUDITH.

Let go thy hold, fierce chief, or I will call
The night-watch to chastise thy insolence.—

ARBONA.

Nay, cease to struggle—

JUDITH.

I will raise the camp
With my loud screams.

ARBONA.

Thy cries will be in vain.
My followers are at hand, and in my arms
I'll bear thee to them.

Enter SANBASSARUS.

SANBASSARUS.

Not without my leave,
While this good sword I wear. What ! wouldst thou
make
A prize of her great Holofernes loves,
And rob thy general of that fair reward
His valour so well merits ?

ARBONA.

Hence ! and fly
My rising wrath, if thou thy life wouldst save.
This lady leave to me : for she is mine,
Nor all the powers of earth shall win her from me !

SANBASSARUS.

Fly ! thou vain-boasting Arab ? What ! when beauty,
Beauty oppressed, my sure protection claims !
King of freebooters, 'tis my greatest pride
To fight in such a gallant cause as this ;
And thus I draw my brand, right sure to win
Redundant honour and sweet beauty's smile !

[They fight.]

JUDITH.

Let us escape, my Thirza, while the heathen
Fall by each other's swords.

[Exeunt Judith and Thirza.—Arbona falls.]

ARBONA.

Perdition light

Upon thy head !—O, thou hast conquered me !—
And must I leave my hoarded wealth, for which
I dipped so deep my hands in blood, behind ?—
Death, death is terrible !—O, let my spoils
Be buried in my grave.—My eyes grow dim.—Oh !

[Dies.]

SANBASSARUS.

Insatiate miser,

Thou hast thy due reward.—Fair lady, now—
How, gone !—She might have thanked me, ere she fled,
For this deliverance.—But in festal hour
Amid th' august pavilion, I shall meet
Her star-bright eye of azure radiance, which

Shall on me shed its beams of gratitude,
 As from her lips a soul-delighting smile
 In ruby splendour breaks, the bright reward
 That valour wins from beauty : while our chief
 At his right hand in pomp shall bid me sit. {*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*The Pavilion of Holofernes.—A grand
 Banquet.*

HOLOFERNES, ESRAHADON, and *Officers, in state.*

HOLOFERNES (*rises and comes forward.*)

BRAVE chieftains, this is pleasure's jocund hour :
 Replenish high your golden cups with wine,
 And quaff to love's delicious ecstasies.
 'Tis thus renown in arms
 And martial valour should at festive board,
 After the toil of battle-fields, recline,
 And in voluptuousness unbounded revel.
 Fill full the bowl, and drink to her that shall
 This night be mine.—What ho ! Bagöas ! ho !

Enter BAGÖAS.

BAGÖAS.

Your pleasure, gracious lord ?

HOLOFERNES.

Haste thee, and bring

The lovely Hebrew damsel to the feast,
That she with us may banquet, sweetly shed
The sunny rays of beauty o'er our cups,
And to the nectar-draughts of our carousal
Impart celestial flavour. For her feet
Spread on the floor the whitest, softest, skins ;
In yonder urns of flame the cassia fling,
And fragrant gums, and myrrh, and frankincense ;
The richest odours that Sabæan groves
Yield to the summer sunbeams, scatter round
These gold-embroidered beds : bind her fair brows
With myrtle-bands and flowers of eastern climes,
And with full-blooming roses strew the ground.

*[Exit Bagöas, and enter Boys dressed in white,
with smoking incense, flowers, &c.]*

ESRAHADON.

Pride of the battle, sword of Assur's host,
To blissful love thus we the goblet drain.

[The Chiefs all drink.]

*Enter JUDITH crowned with flowers, conducted by
BAGÖAS.*

HOLOFERNES.

She comes ! to shed the glory of her charms,
Resplendent star of beauty, light of earth,

THE FAIR AVENGER; OR,

On the glad warrior's banquet, like the beams
Of roseate morn gilding the mountain cedars
Of lofty Lebanon. Bring, Esrahadon,
My gem-bossed goblet filled with ruby wine
From Elam's sunny hills, that her soft lips
Of richer ruby may its bright edge press,
And from it love-inspiring potions quaff.

[*He takes the cup.*]

Come, with us drink, fair maiden, drink success
And high renown to every warrior's sword;
Death and destruction to our enemies!

JUDITH.

Yes I *will* drink of thy inspiring cup,
And from its circling glory pluck a crown
Of immortality to deck my brows.—
May victory and renown sit on the sword
Of every warrior, who for his loved country
Fights manfully; and death and quick destruction
Fall on our enemies!

CHIEFS (*shouting*)

O noble maid!
Queen, heavenly goddess, hail!

HOLOFERNES.

Brothers in war, another goblet fill,
And empty to the joys of this glad night;

Then let each hero to his tent depart.

ESRAHADON.

Joy to the joyous, rapture to th' enrapt,
This night of happiness!—Drink, every chief,
Full measure of the vine's heart-cheering juice.

[They drink, &c.]

HOLOFERNES.

Bagöas, bid the chieftains all retire.

ESRAHADON.

Brave Holofernes, live for ever!
To-morrow we'll the Hebrew towers assault."

[The chieftains shout, and exeunt.]

HOLOFERNES.

In celebration of thy peerless charms,
I've quaffed such potent draughts, that to my couch
Of sapphirine and gems I must retire.
Come, come with me, sweet love. *[Reels off.]*

JUDITH.

Yet a few moments,
And I will follow thee.—But death, not love
Shall lead me; and o'er thy voluptuous couch,
With roses showered, the grisly phantom shakes

Already his sure dart.—Tyrant accursed,
Thou revellest in thy golden cups of wine,
And luxury unbounded crowns thy board ;
While my poor people, by thy host pent up,
Are dying in the streets for lack of food,
Nor can obtain t' allay their raging thirst
A drop of water from the guarded spring.—
Hark! (*goes to the side scene*) He is fallen upon the
bed, o'ercome
With the strong fumes of wine.—How sound he sleeps.
Within there !

Enter THIRZA.

Thirza, tarry here till I
Return to thee.—Remorseless man of blood,
Thy slumbers are eternal : for no more
Shalt thou on earth awake at trumpet-sound,
Nor spur thy war-horse to the fields of death !
Thy work of desolation is complete ;
And now is come the night of our deliverance,
Which shall a second passover be kept
By all the Hebrews, to the end of time.

[*Takes down a splendid sword, that hangs with
some armour on one side of the tent.*]

Thou blood-stained widower of thousands, leap

Forth from thy scabbard, and perform an act
Of justice on thy master. (*Draws it out.*) Thy
lightning-flash
Th' Avenger of her nation startles not.—
Arm me with dauntless resolution, Heaven,
To strike the blow that sets my country free! [*Exit.*]

THIRZA.

How dreadful is this moment, big with fate!
The solemn silence of the midnight hour,
Where all so late was laughing revelry
And tipsy shout, strikes me with fearfulness!
It is the deed of blood, the glorious deed
Of our deliverance, by a woman's hand
To be performed, that makes my spirit quake.—
She goes to strike off the destroyer's head.—
Should he awake ere the dread act be done!
O sleep, sit doubly heavy on his eyes,
And seal with drunkenness his senses up
In death-like torpor! (*A noise within.*) Hark! I
hear her now.
She lifts the flashing sword: the death-blow falls
In thunder on his neck! Keen be its edge,
And aid her, Heaven.—Sure I shall sink with terror.

Enter JUDITH, with the sword of Holofernes.

JUDITH.

The deed is done! Behold, the spoiler's sword

Streams with the blood of its detested lord.

THIRZA.

Horrible sight! I cannot look upon it!

JUDITH.

Not look upon the trophy of my might,
The signal of glad Zion's glorious triumph
O'er Nabuchadonosor's cruel house?—
But soon the morn will dawn.—We must away,
And climb the mountain steep. Come let us forth,
We in our fardel will the head conceal
Of our fell enemy, till we have passed
The outer watch, and gained Bethulia's towers.

THIRZA.

O let us fly, or I shall sink with fear.

JUDITH.

I have no fear: for were I now to fall
By these vile heathen, I should die with glory,
Avenging thus my injured country's wrongs!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*The Gates of Bethulia.*

OZIAS, RAPHAIM, CHARMIS, and Elders.

OZIAS.

DISCOMFORTABLE elders, banish fear.
The time decreed to give the city up
To yon destroyer, is not yet expired ;
And Judith, by Jehovah's infinite power,
May wonders great perform. Hope on us smiles,
Like a bright golden radiance in the west,
When all below is darkness.

CHARMIS.

'Tis vain to hope :
For what can Judith, a mere woman, do ?

JUDITH (*without.*)

Fling wide the portals, open quick the gates,
Watchmen of Israel ; for behold, I come
With victory and glory ! Heaven hath wrought
Deliverance for bright Salem's happy towers ;
Nor shall the foe defile our temple's porch.

OZIAS.

'Tis Judith comes ! Call hither all the people !
Open the city gates !

Enter ACHIOR and Citizens, shouting.

*Enter JUDITH with the sword of Holofernes, followed
by THIRZA, Watchmen, &c.*

JUDITH.

Behold the blood of that proud warrior chief,
Who led to battle yon Assyrian host,
And spared nor age nor sex ! This arm hath smitten
The haughty smiter in the festive hour
Of riotous drunkenness, and on his host
Brought anguish and dismay. See there his head

[Pointing off.]

By yonder watchman of the city gates
Uplifted on a spear !

OZIAS.

O, blest art thou,

Thrice blest above all women that the sun
Ere shone upon !—Ye happy Hebrews, bring
Bright olive-garlands, and the sweetest flowers
To crown our heroine's brows : before her spread
The gem-decked vesture and the purple robe,
And strew her path with roses. Strike the harp
To full triumphant measures : lift the shout,
The shout of gladness, till the mountains shake
With your loud acclamations ; and yon host

Wake from their slumbers to eternal shame,
Discomfiture, and flight !

[*Citizens shout, &c.*

JUDITH.

Achior, come hither ; look on yonder face,
The pale grim features of the chief, who swore
Our temple to destroy, and captive lead
The tribes in chains to Nineve's proud gates.

ACHIOR.

My spirit fails with wonder ! Blest art thou
Indeed, heroic woman, fair Avenger !
Throughout all lands thy name shall be renowned,
And Israel bless thy memory for ever !

JUDITH.

Men of Bethulia, when the meek-eyed morn
The saffron curtains of her eastern bed
Flings laughing back, and bids the sun awake,
Hang on the battlements of your highest tower,
The head of our proud foeman. Then go forth,
Clad in your armour, to the mountain's brow,
And with the peal of trump yon camp awake.
To their great general's tent the chiefs will haste,
And call him forth, th' uncircumcised bands
To marshal in magnificent array :

But from his blood-dewed couch he will not rise,
 Nor heed their voice of wailing and lament,
 Then will they fling aside the shield and spear,
 And flee away in haste ; helmet and plume,
 Banner and panoply, and glancing spear,
 Rider and battle-steed shall ye tread down
 In one red ruin ; while from land to land
 The song of Israel's triumph shall resound !

THEY HADY A WOUND IN A [Xcount comes.

NOTICE

and the world. I believe that a lot of people
 have been misled by the false statement that
 the women of the world are not to be trusted.
 I have no objection to the statement that the
 women of the world are not to be trusted.

=====

NOTES.

That appertain

Unto the honoured first-born.

a "Cain, as before observed, succeeded to the government in the church, agreeably to the established order, as the first-born; from whom, to the time of the establishment of the Levitical priesthood, the successors to the office were chosen. We have seen that Cain forfeited his claim to this right, by the adoption of an order of worship; viz. offerings without sacrifice. It appears also from scripture, that the offerings and sacrifices were appropriated to the support of the established order of worship, and therefore Cain, as a legal successor, having forfeited his right to the priesthood, and the productions or fruits of the ground, of which gifts he and his family partook, the primogeniture passed to the next successor. This being the true meaning of the sacred writer, we shall have a sense in conformity with the narrative, and with the order of that dispensation respecting the priesthood."

And nectared mangusteens bend to thy lip.

b "The mangusteen, the most delicate fruit in the world; the pride of the Malay Islands."—*Marsden*.

*When I at Bethel a rude pillar raised,
The pillar of my vows.*

c Mr. Bellamy, in his translation of the Bible, says the place where Jacob tarried was the tabernacle, instead of the open fields; the house of God, where "Isaac as the patriarch of the church of God was well known throughout the land. Here Jacob received the communication in the tabernacle, where he saw the messengers of God, those who officiated before the altar, ascending to the altar, and descending, communicating the divine will to the people, as they received it from God in the Holy place; which makes plain the expression 'and behold the Lord stood above it,' viz. above the cherubim." Did Jacob see this as he slept; or did he, after his weary journey, remain awake all night, while the people came running in and out of the tabernacle? "Here Jacob," continues Mr. B., "was inaugurated into the priesthood, and here he began to preach." Is it not very improbable that he should tarry here for the ceremony of inauguration, and afterwards *preach* to the people, when he was flying for his life from the rage of a vindictive brother? There was no communication with God, according to Mr. B., but through the priests in the tabernacle. How, then, came David to enquire of God on his journey to Ziklag? Whence came the visions and prophecies of Balaam; the dream which Jacob had respecting the ring-streaked and spotted cattle; the mysterious wrestling with Jacob on his return from Laban; and many other instances.

Again, if the place where Jacob tarried all night were a tabernacle for the true worship of God, how came Jacob so absurdly to exclaim, "Jehovah surely is here, and yet I *knew it not*; how dreadful is this place," &c. Had it really been a tabernacle he could not possibly have been ignorant

of the immediate presence of Jehovah, or surprised at seeing the officiating priests, or hearing the voice of God. Again, if this Bethel had been the tabernacle of God, why erect, according to Mr. B., a fresh altar: "Why," says he, "*to restore the true worship.*" And would Jehovah have sanctioned, by his immediate communications to the priests, a false worship?

The translation of the Septuagint, however, sets the matter in its true light. There we simply and plainly read, that he took a *stone*, and placed it at his head; obviously to fence and keep off the wind and weather, just as travellers to this day in the desert, as Dr. Shaw informs us, have recourse to the shelf of a rock for shelter, or to the loose ruins and remains of ancient pillars, that formerly belonged to cisterns constructed to preserve water. Had Mr. Bellamy studied the antiquities of his own country, he would have known that the *pillar* which Jacob set up, was, according to the custom of those early ages, a pillar of remembrance. Such pillars were set up to commemorate some great event, a truly patriarchal altar, an ambrosial or anointed stone, says Dr. Stukely, in his life of Marcus Carausius, and several such pillars of memorial are still to be found in different parts of our own island.

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(God) even a pillar of stone ; and he poured a drink offering thereon, and he poured oil thereon."

*And pour from the gem-clustered vase the wine
To thee in full libation. King of light.*

d Of all the gods of the Syrians and Canaanites, none were so much honoured as Baal, who was no other than the Belus of the Chaldeans, and the Jupiter of the Greeks, and no doubt the Beal or Bealan of the Celtic Druids. It is more than probable, that the sun was worshipped under this name; for Josiah, willing to make atonement for the sins of his father Manasseh in worshipping Baal and all the host of heaven, put to death the idolatrous priests that burnt incense unto Baal, to the moon, to the planets, and to all the host of heaven. He likewise took away the horses that the kings of Judah had given to the sun, and burnt the chariots of the sun with fire. This idol Baal is often mentioned in scripture in the plural number Baalim, and always implying universal power, wisdom, and knowledge. His temples were built within enclosures, for which reason they were called in the Hebrew and Syriac languages *Chamanim*, and perpetual fires were kept burning in them.

Or pine sad exiles in far distant climes.

e "Some, not only Procopius and Suidas, but an earlier author, Moses Chorenensis, p. 253, and perhaps from his original author, Mariba Catina, one as old as Alexander the Great, sets down the famous inscription at Tangier, concerning the old Canaanites driven out of Palestine by Joshua. Take the author's own words, "We are those exiles that were governors of the Canaanites, but have been driven away by Joshua the robber, and are come to inhabit here."

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Here by groves,

Where nature's minstrels poured their night-tuned songs.

"The river of Jordan is on both sides beset with little thick and pleasant woods, among which thousands of nightingales warble altogether."—*Theocrit.*

To offer on yon stone of death

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"Then he took his eldest son, that should have reigned in his stead, and offered him for a burnt-offering upon the wall."—II. Kings, iii. 27.

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In manly beauty making them like gods.

Dr. Neale, speaking of the Jews in Poland, "many of

whom affected to abjure their religion, and embrace Catholicism," says, "The enjoyment of liberty and civil rights, seems to have produced a strong effect on the physical constitution and physiognomy of this singular race; bestowing a dignity and energy of character upon them, which we may in vain look for in those of other countries. The men clothed in long black robes, reaching to their ankles, and sometimes adorned in front with silver agraffes; their heads covered with fur caps, their chestnut or auburn locks parted in front, and falling gracefully on the shoulders in spiral curls, display much manly beauty; nay, I have frequently contemplated with astonishment many among them, whose placid, yet melancholy countenances, recalled strongly to my recollection the heads depicted by Raphael, Leonardo da Vinci, Carlo Dolce, and the earlier Italian painters, and which, until I visited Poland, I had conceived to exist only among the fine ideal forms of art. More than once an involuntary awe has seized me, on contemplating on the shoulders of a Hebrew villager, a head presenting those traits of physiognomy, which by a long association I had always conjoined with the abstract ideal countenance of the Saviour of the world."

*His raven locks are like the evening cloud
Hunging its gold-edged folds on the mountain proud.*

k "His head is of pure gold,
The locks of which resemble the branches of the palm-tree,
And black as the raven."

"To reconcile this difficulty, it is necessary to know, that although the orientals may possibly admire raven locks in their natural state, yet they are accustomed to die them with *henna*, so they call the oil of privet, in order to give them a

yellow, or golden cast. This is an ancient custom, though the existence of it among the Hebrews may be disputed: but probably for the same purpose they might make use of gold dust, as the Latins are known to have done.

"With the same *kenna* they stain the countenance, as well as the hands and arms, which first changes them to an azure blue, and they grow yellow by degrees; and this they esteem a great object of beauty, though it would be accounted deformity with us. This observation will enable us to understand better some phrases in the 14th and 15th verses of the same chapter:

"His hands are as gold rings
Inlaid with chrysolite;
His belly as plates of ivory
Inclosed in sapphire;
His legs are as columns of marble
Upon a base of gold."

The fingers being stained with *kenna*, appeared as if they had gold rings on, set with chrysolite, which gem was formerly of a yellow colour. I say formerly, because the same stone which we call the topaz, was the ancient chrysolite."

*Notes to Dr. Lowth's Lectures on the Sacred
Poetry of the Hebrews.*

*Bedropped with pearl, and flower, and orient gem,
Outshines the radiance of the evening star!*

It has been supposed by many, that the ships which Solomon fitted out at Ezion-geber, on the shores of the Red Sea, for the purpose of importing into Judea the rich commodities of the east, sailed direct for India, or the Aurea Cher-

sones, when even in the reign of Ptolemy Philometor, 146 years after the death of Alexander the Great, the Greek sovereigns of Egypt had not yet traded directly to India.* One passage in Strabo stands as a solitary evidence that a fleet sailed from Egypt to India previous to the famous discovery of Hippalus: but, no doubt, Strabo supposed they really reached India, from their bringing home Indian commodities; when, in fact, they only sailed to Hadramout, in Arabia, or Mosyllon, on the coast of Africa, where they found all that India produced. Saba, the capital of Yemen, or Arabia, imported all the commodities of the east: the monopoly, to which the Arabians owed their unrivalled opulence, was attached to an important secret in their possession, which enabled them to reach India by short and easy voyages; while the Egyptians and Greeks, from their ignorance of it, only traded with intermediate ports. This grand secret, which was no other than a knowledge of the monsoons, or periodical winds, was discovered by Hippalus about the year A. D. 47; and not till then was there a direct communication between Egypt and India.

It is not probable that the Sabeans would impart this secret, by which they had acquired such immense wealth, to the seamen of Solomon; or suffer his ships to accompany them in their eastern voyages: his fleet therefore, beyond a doubt, traded no further than the ports of Yemen. To be

* Josephus has fixed the land of Ophir in Malacca, by saying that the ancient name of that part of India was Sophora, the land of gold; but Ophir no doubt was in the Persian gulph, where it has left some remembrance of itself in Ofor, a town in the province of Oman. It is high on one side to the Sabeans, spoken of by Strabo for their plenty of gold, and on the other to Aula, or Hevila, where the pearl fishery was carried on.

[illegible]

ciours: stones and gold.'²

Ezekiel xxvii. 21, 22.

dustry of the Phœnicians, and a variety of advantages which are incalculable. They possess, themselves, every profusion of luxury in articles of plate and sculpture, in furniture of beds, tripods, and other household embellishments, far superior in degree to any thing that is seen in Europe. Their expense of living rivals the magnificence of princes: their houses are decorated with pillars glistening with gold and silver: their doors are crowned with vases, and beset with jewels: the interior of their houses corresponds to the beauty of their outward appearance, and all the riches of other countries are here exhibited in a variety of profusion."

Vincent's Periplus of the Erythræan Sea.

m The modern name of Malta is supposed by some to have been given by the Greeks, who succeeded its first possessors the Phœnicians; but Mr. Weston gives an explanation of an unpublished Phœnician coin in the *Archæologia* of 1804, by which it appears that the name of Malta was given to this island by the Phœnicians who fled thither as to a place of

~~refuge, and the name signifying a place of refuge, or a place of safety.~~

~~And the hills tremble at their warlike shout.~~

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n "Now will these men lick up the face of the earth; for neither the high mountains, nor the valleys, nor the hills, are able to bear their weight,"—*Judith*, vii. 4. Fear deals greatly in the figure of hyperbole.

And radiant moon to whom the nations bow

And lift their hands in homage.

o "If I beheld the sun when it shined, or the moon walking in brightness; and my heart hath been secretly enticed, or my mouth hath kissed my hand," &c.—*Job xxxi.* 26, 27.

*By Nitroch, and the fire**My fires adored.*

¶ Eusebius, who lived in the fourth century, by the following passage makes it plainly appear that the Assyrians were worshippers of fire:—

“ Ur, which signifies fire, was the idol they worshipped; and as fire will consume everything thrown into it, so the Assyrians published abroad, that the gods of other nations could not stand before theirs. Many experiments were tried and vast numbers of idols brought from distant parts; but they being of wood, the all-devouring god, Ur, consumed them. At length an Egyptian priest found out the art to destroy the reputation of this mighty idol, which had so long been the terror of distant nations. He caused the figure of an idol to be made of porous earth, and the belly of it was filled with water: on each side of the belly, holes were made but filled up with wax. This being done, he challenged the god Ur to oppose his god Canopus, which was accepted by the priests of Ur: but no sooner did the wax which stopped up the holes in the belly of Canopus begin to melt, than the water burst out and drowned the fire.”

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satisfied of the vast riches of Sheba, let us refer to the testimony of Agatharchides, who was president of the Alexandrian Library, contemporary with Eratosthenes, and flourished 177 years before Christ, and we shall find Solomon had no occasion to send his ships beyond the shores of that happy country. Sheba abounds with every production to make her happy in the extreme; its very air is so perfumed with odours, that the natives are obliged to mitigate the fragrance by scents that have an opposite tendency; as if nature could not support even pleasure in the extreme. Myrrh, frankincense, balsam, cinnamon, and cassia, are here produced from trees of extraordinary magnitude. The king, as he is on the one hand entitled to supreme honour, on the other is obliged to submit to confinement in his palace; but the people are robust, warlike, and able mariners; they sail in very large vessels to the country where the odoriferous commodities are produced, they plant colonies there, and import from thence the *larinna*, an odour no where else to be found; in fact, there is no nation upon earth so wealthy as the Gerrhæi and Habæi, as being in the centre of all the commerce which passes between Asia and Europe.* These are the nations which have enriched the Syria of Ptolemy; these are the nations that furnish the most profitable agencies to the In-

* "Arabia, and all the princes of Kedar, they occupied with thee in lambs, and rams, and goats; in these were they thy merchants.

"The merchants of Sheba and Rasmah, they were thy merchants: they occupied in thy fairs with chief of all spices, and with all precious stones and gold."

Ezekiel xxvii. 21, 22.

dustry of the Phœnicians, and a variety of advantages which are incalculable. They possess, themselves, every profusion of luxury in articles of plate and sculpture, in furniture of beds, tripods, and other household embellishments, far superior in degree to any thing that is seen in Europe. Their expense of living rivals the magnificence of princes: their houses are decorated with pillars glistening with gold and silver: their doors are crowned with vases, and beset with jewels: the interior of their houses corresponds to the beauty of their outward appearance, and all the riches of other countries are here exhibited in a variety of profusion."

Vincent's Periplus of the Erythraean Sea.

"The modern name of Malta is supposed by some to have been given by the Greeks, who succeeded its first possessors the Phœnicians; but Mr. Weston gives an explanation of an unpublished Phœnician coin in the *Archæologia* of 1804, by which it appears that the name of Malta was given to this island by the Phœnicians who fled thither as to a place of refuge,—*Melita* signifying *refugium*.

And the hills tremble at their warlike shout.

"Now will these men lick up the face of the earth; for neither the high mountains, nor the valleys, nor the hills are able to bear their weight."—*Judith*, vii. 4. Fear deals greatly in the figure of hyperbole.

*And radiant moon to whom the nations bow
And lift their hands in homage.*

"If I beheld the sun when it shined, or the moon walking in brightness; and my heart hath been secretly enticed, or my mouth hath kissed my hand," &c.—*Job xxxi.* 26, 27.

*By Nitroch, and the fire**My fires adored.*

¶ Eusebius, who lived in the fourth century, by the following passage makes it plainly appear that the Assyrians were worshippers of fire :—

“ Ur, which signifies fire, was the idol they worshipped ; and as fire will consume everything thrown into it, so the Assyrians published abroad, that the gods of other nations could not stand before theirs. Many experiments were tried and vast numbers of idols brought from distant parts ; but they being of wood, the all-devouring god, Ur, consumed them. At length an Egyptian priest found out the art to destroy the reputation of this mighty idol, which had so long been the terror of distant nations. He caused the figure of an idol to be made of porous earth, and the belly of it was filled with water : on each side of the belly, holes were made but filled up with wax. This being done, he challenged the god Ur to oppose his god Canopus, which was accepted by the priests of Ur : but no sooner did the wax which stopped up the holes in the belly of Canopus begin to melt, than the water burst out and drowned the fire.”

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It is not probable that the Sabeans would impart this secret, by which they had acquired such immense wealth, to the seamen of Solomon; or suffer his ships to accompany them in their eastern voyages: his fleet therefore, beyond a doubt, traded no further than the ports of Yemen. To be

* Josephus has fixed the land of Ophir in Malacca, by saying that the ancient name of that part of India was Sophora, the land of gold; but Ophir no doubt was in the Persian gulph, where it has left some remembrance of itself in Ofor, a town in the province of Oman. It is high on one side to the Sabeans, spoken of by Strabo for their plenty of gold, and on the other to Aula, or Hevila, where the pearl fishery was carried on.

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